The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 171. WEEK ENDING FEB. 10TH, 1912. ONE PENNY.

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FOURTH FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

ENTRY FORM.

For particulars see page 591.

Matches to be played on Saturday, February 10. Write *in ink* the scores which you consider will be made by the respective teams.

	Goals.		Goals.
Everton		**v. Sheffield U.**	
West Bromwich Albion		**v. Newcastle U.**	
Huddersfield Town		**v. Leeds City**	

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition, and to accept as final the result published in THE MODERN MAN. I enter the Competition on this distinct understanding.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

Number of Postal Order.....

Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once forward the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a Brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co.," with a minimum of 1s. for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Pair excellently-built Field Boots, waterproof, stout soles, leather lined, never worn, misfit; 18s.—Box 4671, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Wanted, warm suit, dark grey or black, good cut and nearly new, height 5f. 10in., chest 40in., waist 41in.—Box 4657, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Gentleman's dark overcoat, lined plaid, chest 44in., cost 63s.; 17s. 6d. perfect.—Box 4658, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

SPORTS & PASTIMES.

Conjuring, Jokes, Card Tricks. Catalogue free.—Vandy, 193, Regent Street (Dept. MM), London.

Scientific Football and the way how.—The governing principles and secrets, hitherto unpublished. A magical transformation of style and play. Full explanations, post free, 1s. 1d.—Shepherd, 65, Shaw Lane, Barnsley.

For Sale, Disc Barbell, 85lb.; ¼ plate Stand Camera, without dark slides; what offers? Also new Barlock Duplicator, cost 50s., take 35s.—E. Howarth, Holderness, near Mytholmroyd, Yorks.

A good bagatelle table for sale, with balls, cues, everything complete, good as new; price £5, cost £20.—Box 4659, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Sandow developer, with chart complete; what offers cash or exchange?—Box 4661, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Punch ball, new, taken for debt; 3s. 6d.—Box 4662, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Pair Sandow's 7 spring grip bells, new condition; 6s. — Box 4663, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

SITUATIONS VACANT & WANTED.

For High-grade Positions see Hapgood's Advertisement, page 602.

EDUCATIONAL.

Sloan-Duployan "New Rapid" high-speed Shorthand saves a year's study. Learned in twelve easy lessons. Eighty words per minute in four weeks. Used by fastest official Parliamentary Reporters daily. Holds the world's speed record. Simple, rapid, legible, practical. New illustrated handbook, with testimonials and specimen lesson, gratis and post free.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London, W.C. Telephone 6111 Holborn.

Would you like to be a Black-and-White Artist? If so, send stamp for prospectus, detailing perfected system of coaching (approved by "The Modern Man"). — "Art," London House, Westhoughton, Lancs.

MEDICAL, &c.

Moustache-Grower. Send me P.O. for 1s. and I will mail you the recipe of my wonderful moustache-grower, which will positively force a moustache within three weeks. Equally good for forcing new hair on the head.—Box 4669, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Liverishness cured by effectual prescription; promotes appetite, invigorates system generally—Send sevenpence in stamps, Box 4651, "The Modern Man, 21, Tudor Street, London.

Blood purifier. Keep you in perfect health; one of the finest known recipes on the market. Recipe with full particulars, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box 4630, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Your Hair becomes beautifully wavy after applying my dressing, 7 stamps; inexpensive preparation, making teeth pearl-white, invaluable to smokers, 7d.; both 1s.—Box 4671, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Why suffer with Piles? Buer Mul-la and Powder is a safe, certain, and speedy cure; cures permanently the worst cases. Send two stamps for free sample.—Prof. Buer, 52/1, Exchange Buildings, Southwark Street, S.E.

MEDICAL, &c.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Chilblains, sure cure, quick relief. Linimo; 1s. 1½d. Highest testimonials. —J. Holden and Co., 32, Finsbury Square, London, E.C

MISCELLANEOUS.

FREE, 7s. 6d. Safety Razor, with extra blades, absolutely free to all sending P.O. 1s. 6d. (3d. extra for postage and packing) for one of our marvellous 3s. 6d. Pocket-knives, English oxydised steel handles, best make; money returned in full if not satisfied.—Box 4670, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Valuable Book, containing 129 Ways of Making Money in Spare Time, 41 Profitable Schemes for Small Capitalists, 220 Priceless Trade Secrets, and 147 Patent Medicine Formulas, only 1s. 2d. post paid.—Wilkes, Publishers, Stockton, Rugby.

Conjuring Catalogue Free. Please send early.—Vandy, 193, Regent Street (Dept. M.M.), London.

5,000 to clear. 7s. 6d. safety razors with extra blades, 1s. 1d., post free.—Box 4604, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Enjoy the long winter evenings playing "Puppet Peers," the new card game, for 2 to 7 players. Humorous, scientific, and amusing. Endless fun. 1s. 3d., post free.—Publishers, 58, County Road, Liverpool.

"Swamped Out" through overwhelming reception of "How to Shave in Comfort." Everyone unanimous that how to "Strop" and "Use Existing Tackle" is wanted, not "Safety Razor Toys." I've got fresh consignment, so send P.O. 1s. at once.—Hair-Harrison, c/o E. Jackson, dresser, Rawmarsh, Rotherham.

7s. 6d. Sportsman's Knives we are selling at 2s. 6d., carriage paid, marvellous value. Money returned if unsatisfied. —Fieldsports, 191, Philip Lane, Tottenham.

Exceptional money-making opportunity. Send postcard immediately for full particulars of this novel scheme.—Ernest Green, 54, Humber Street East, Hull.

Amusing samples. Funny novelties, fascinating puzzles; only 7d.—Hyam's, 19, Ellis Street, Birmingham.

..... Cut here .....

PEN COUPON.

Twelve of these Coupons and a Postal Order for 1s. buys one of THE MODERN MAN Fountain Pens, with 14-carat solid gold nib.

For particulars see page 599.

Cut here

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COUPON for our 2nd "CENTRES" COMPETITION

For particulars see page 596.

MY "CENTRE"

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....*Cut Here*.....

The Modern Man

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CHEEK.

Medical query: Can one call every locomotor a taxi?

* * *

A great many readers of the morning and evening papers are beginning to wish that the "Obey" question might be left in obeyance.

* * *

That man who recently bought a wife for a fiver must be a believer in the policy of "notes for women." What?

* * *

An innovation on White Star liners is to be golf links on board. I wonder if the coal "bunkers" will be pressed into service.

* * *

Ulster Unionists say that the Home Rule section of the population is possessed of an evil spirit. Is this because it has the Devlin it?

* * *

A young lady of eleven years, called Margery Stevens, was recently "sole dancer" with Anna Pavlova at the Palace. A pleasing variation from the numerous Oriental "cel dancers" we have seen for some years past.

* * *

By the way a "sole dancer" must be a dab at it.

* * *

People who must not be mistaken for Sir Joseph Beecham: No. 1.—Mr. C. H. Pillman, the English Rugby International forward.

* * *

A work shortly to be offered to the public will be called, "Who's Who in the Theatre." If I know anything about it, with the exception of the actor-manager, everybody is nobody.

* * *

A book called "Cabbages and Kings" is by Mr. O. Henry. It would have been more in accordance with the fitness of things if the work had been one of John Richard Green's.

* * *

The very latest expression for those who "recover the ashes" is "dustmen." But isn't there a horrid suggestion of being "in the cart" about it?

* * *

A certain peer, so I learn, is known to his friends by the nickname of "Seidlitz Powder." Is this because he has a fizzing time?

* * *

A writer says that grand opera does not pay in England. He is wrong. It is the public which so steadfastly refuses to pay.

* * *

Commercial note: Goods are not the only things that are sold at sales. The lady shoppers often find themselves in that unenviable position, too.

* * *

Describing the English Sunday, a writer exclaims, "Out upon it!" I, personally, am generally at home upon it.

J. S. Cox.

WHY MR. MASON FLED.

In his younger days Mr. A. E. W. Mason, the distinguished novelist, once went for a voyage on a North Sea trawler. They were out for about ten days and had awful weather. The captain, however, had a gramophone which helped to while away the tedium, at least at first, but the supply of discs was very limited, and Mr. Mason grew heartily sick of one tune in particular—namely, Mr. G. H. Snazelle's famous Whistling Song.

Shortly after his return to London Mr. Mason was a guest at a Savage Club dinner, which was followed by the usual musical entertainment.

The very first person to take the stage was Mr. G. H. Snazelle, who promptly struck up his Whistling Song, and it was here that Mr. Mason, pleading sudden illness, retired hastily from the scene.

COACHING AMATEUR ACTORS.

One half the world, as it is truly said, does not know how the other half lives.

Many an actor, not perhaps of the first rank, but still quite competent, makes a good thing out of coaching well-to-do amateur actors. The writer knows such a one. He is a gentleman by birth and habits, excellent company, and entirely capable in his profession. During this pantomime season, when he is apt to find himself unemployed, he goes from one country house to another, coaching the house parties in the amateur theatricals which are a feature of country house life in winter.

He has an excellent time of it, meets charming people, gets plenty of sport; in fact, lives like a fighting-cock, and his fee for a week or ten days' work is rarely less than £20.

THE KAISER CLIMBED DOWN.

Mr. Arthur Brock, the famous pyrotechnist, has many reminiscences of Royalties he has met in the course of business. Here is a good story of the German Emperor, who years ago paid a visit to the Crystal Palace, accompanied by the late King Edward, who was at that time Prince of Wales.

At the conclusion of the firework display, Mr. Brock was summoned to the Royal Box and presented to the Emperor, who complimented him on his work.

Then the Prince interposed. "By the way, Mr. Brock," said he, "his Imperial Majesty tells me that he has German pyrotechnists fully as clever as you. He says that on his way here he saw a display at Hamburg that was equal to, if not better than, to-night's. How do you account for that?"

"His Imperial Majesty is right, sir," replied Mr. Brock. "The display he saw at Hamburg was as good as to-night's. It was given by my firm."

MONEY-LENDERS' TOUTS.

They are the pests of the young man in business, and are the cause of the ruin of hundreds of promising careers at their very outset. They haunt such places as City luncheon cafés, during the recognised luncheon hour, sitting down opposite any youngster who looks at all prosperous and who is by himself. The tout proposes a game of draughts or dominoes, which is very likely accepted.

"I say, do you want any money?" says the tout after a time, in confidentially friendly tones; "because if you do I know a man who'll let you have some—say, a fiver or a tenner—on the very easiest terms."

Very likely this is just what the victim does want. Possibly, on an income of twenty-five or thirty shillings a week, he is the main support of his mother; and she, perhaps, is worried about the last quarter's rent. Five pounds would just set their minds at rest. He agrees, is introduced to a money-lender, and fills in a "form of application" stating the amount required, his name, address, age, and the name and address of his employer. He also, generally verbally, gives the amount of his weekly salary.

He is then asked to sign an agreement to pay at the rate of about half a crown weekly, a sum often as big as £10 for the loan of only £5! A clause, which he probably doesn't read, provides that should one week's instalment become over-due, the whole amount will immediately become payable. Possibly one day he *is* overdue, the money-lender writes to his employer, and, in many cases, he loses his job as an unreliable man.

A SHORT STORY.

THE SWORD

By ADAM STERN

It was not Mr. Hilary's fault that he had no appearance of living with the "sword of Damocles" suspended over his head. He was a podgy little man with rotund red cheeks and neat lips under a waxed sandy moustache. He had other phrases of description for the state of anxiety in which he continually found himself placed. He was "living on the brink of a precipice," "walking on the crumbling mouth of a volcano."

And his wife and his two daughters poked fun at him unmercifully.

"Frank," they would say (they all called him Frank), "you've been expecting the sack now for the past three years, and it hasn't come off yet. And unless you make haste to do something really desperate, there'll be no chance for any of us of an effective retreat to the workhouse."

"You can laugh," Mr. Hilary would retort, "but it will be no laughing matter when the catastrophe occurs. You wait and see, my girls. (They were all his "girls.") I'm not worrying so much about myself, but when a man has a wife and two growing daughters dependent on him ——"

"Wolf! Wolf!" they'd cry.

"It's a hard, unfriendly world to women who are poor and incompetent. You *are* incompetent, you know—I admit I am partly to blame. But now that you know what is hanging over us. . . . You know you ought to learn a profession. Incompetent people aren't wanted in these feverishly-competitive times. When misfortune attacks a household, it's always the women who feel it the most. You wouldn't like to have to make your own dresses ——"

"We couldn't," they'd inform him serenely.

"Or give up parties, or not be able to afford an evening at the theatre occasionally. But that's what we're coming to. I know I could never get another berth at the same salary as I'm getting now. It's probable I couldn't get one at all—not for a very considerable time. Too old at forty—it's a phrase that's on everybody's lips."

Then, at this point, Bertha, the youngest of the family, would softly and irreverently chant: "Hush! hush! hush! here comes the bogey man!"

It was a weakness of Mr. Hilary's that he was as wax in Bertha's hands. She could always make him smile, even in his gloomiest moods of prophecy. And then, casting care to the winds, he would affectionately pat her cheek . . . sometimes rising on tiptoe to imprint a kiss on her brow.

* * * * * * *

Occasionally Mr. Hilary would labour to explain the situation.

"You see," he would begin, fairly, "youth won't be stayed. And Thormanby's clever. There's no denying that. Why, only last week he came out with a suggestion for a new system of waste-checking, which, if it's as good as he says it is, will save the firm hundreds. You can't wonder at it that they've given him equal authority with me. And there isn't room for the two of us. It's obvious lately in everything the Chief does. There's nobody so adept at innuendo as the Chief. A back-number. Overpaid. In the way. I tell you, I tremble every time he calls me into his private office.

"My dear, silly Frank," his wife would reprove him, indulgently, "you depreciate yourself too much. I'm sure Mr. Thormanby is not so clever as you are. He may be more pushing; I'm certain he's more audacious. What you ought to do is to Assert Yourself."

"Don't worry him, mother," Bertha would chime in. "You enjoy being miserable, don't you, Frank?"—and she'd sit on the arm of his chair and play "running mice" with her fingers on the top of his bald head.

Mr. Hilary would tighten his neat lips and stare silently at the vision which the others refused to see. Now and then he would lose his temper—a bubbling incoherence which somehow excited the family to mirth. He was one of those unfortunates who look most ridiculous when their chief intention is to be dignified. He knew of this indirectly—and could therefore forgive them when his temperature had cooled to normal.

One day Mr. Hilary was idling in his office (idling because he had nothing to do) when word was brought to him that the Chief desired to speak with him. He did not immediately obey the summons; he stood staring at the wall for fully a minute after the clerk had gone.

Something was in the wind! Thormanby had been in and out of the Chief's office practically all the morning.

"It has come," he said in his heart.

He pulled down his waistcoat. He set back his shoulders. He looked ridiculously like a bantam cock. And his lips were white.

The Chief was in one of his polite, precise moods. He was alone—a ledger before him, a pen occasionally tapping his teeth.

"Mr. Hilary," he said, "Donnenbright's have failed."

Mr. Hilary rocked a little on heel and toe. He was speechless.

"I well remember," continued the Chief, "that when they sent their last order *you* were the one who countenanced its execution. I was rather doubtful about them myself. I recollect you went carefully through their account and could find an excuse for every occasion on which they had failed to meet our bills. I abided by your judgment."

"I was confident, sir, that ——"

"Yes, yes, I know."

"They had always treated us fairly and squarely in the past. An honest firm, but a bit slow in their payments."

"Hardly honest—to send a large order and then fail three months afterwards. But possibly your view may differ."

"No; I think with you, sir. But a big and increasing business. . . ."

"Yes, Mr. Hilary?"

"Must necessarily ——" Mr. Hilary had to force the words out—"meet with a few reverses occasionally. I don't say that exactly in exoneration ——"

"No, I am glad of that," said the Chief, with a cold clear eye upon him.

Mr. Hilary stood motionless, sweat breaking out on his brow. His expression was unnaturally fixed.

"That is all," said the Chief, "I merely wanted to tell you."

Still Mr. Hilary did not move. He felt the urgent necessity of saying something suitable. He was locked in the inertia which comes from the paralysis of fear.

Turning at last—for the Chief had put aside the ledger and was tapping his teeth in ostentatious preoccupation—he went out, without a word.

He heaved with relief in the corridor a sigh which failed to fill the cavity of suspense.

For the sword was still hanging. The sword had yet to fall.

FAIR AND UNFAIR WALKING.

At a small athletic meeting, the judges, who will probably not be over-experienced, are often puzzled to distinguish between fair and unfair walking in races. These are the chief distinguishing points. In fair walking (i.e., the exercise as apart from "running") these characteristics should always be evident:

(1) That one foot should always be on the ground, or more clearly, that both feet should never be off the ground at the same time.

(2) That the weight of the body should always be on the heels at the moment of the step forward.

(3) That the knee should be perfectly straight at the time of the foremost foot touching the ground.

Inversely, unfair walking may be detected by any infringement of the above stipulations, *i.e.*, if a man goes on to his toes (both at the same time), bends his knees, or is seen at any given moment to have both his feet off the ground together.

An unfair walker, too, when his legs are tired, will often break into a sort of ambling trot on his heels. For any of these misdemeanours, he should be instantly disqualified.

If judges were better versed in the rules defining walking we should hear less frequently of trickery in this department of sport.

BEAGLING FOR ALL.

PACKS WITH WHICH TO ENJOY AN AFTERNOON'S SPORT.

In connection with our article on beagling in a recent issue, so much interest has been shown in the matter, and so many inquiries have reached us, that we now give a list of those packs that hunt within easy reach of London and some other large towns, with the names of the Masters or hon. secretaries (to whom application should be made by those desirous of subscribing to and hunting with them), and the usual hunting days.

NEAR LONDON :—

Berkhamstead.—Mr. E. H. Sedgwick (Hon. Sec.), Berkhamstead, Herts : Saturday.

Buckland.—Mr. F. M. Gibson, The Rectory, Charlwood, nr. Reigate (Hon. Sec.) : Tuesdays and Saturdays.

Bushey Heath.—Mr. Ronald Mavor, Coursers, Colney Heath, St. Albans (Master) ; Saturday, occasionally Wednesday.

Horsell.—Mr. G. I. Bruzand, Cranlea, Weybridge (Hon. Sec.) : Wednesday and Saturday.

Lord Malden's.—Mr. S. S. Green, Oakbank, Leighton Buzzard (Hon. Sec.) : Monday and Friday.

Halstead Place.—Mr. J. Russel, Halstead Place, Sevenoaks (Master) : Monday and Friday.

Stoke Place.—Mr. G. V. Blake, Stoke Place, Slough (Hon. Sec.) : Wednesday and Saturday.

West Surrey.—Mr. J. W. Carlton, Sandfield Cottage, Esher (Hon. Sec.) : Wednesday and Saturday.

Woolverston.—Mr. A. Lobb, Gravel Lane, Chigwell, (Field Master) ; Saturday, occasionally Tuesday.

Worcester Park.—Mr. A. T. Taylor, Clyne, Worcester Park (Hon. Sec.) : Wednesday and Saturday.

NEAR SHEFFIELD :—

Beresford Dale.—Mr. F. Green, Hartington, Buxton (Master) : Two days a week.

Mr. Butcher's.—Mr. N. Roberts, Lucens Tower, Sheffield (Hon. Sec.) : Saturday.

Ecclesfield.—Mr. A. Hizard, Yew Lane, Ecclesfield, nr. Sheffield (Hon. Sec.) : Monday and Thursday.

NEAR HUDDERSFIELD :—

Mr. L. B. Holliday's.—Mr. G. H. Smith, Kirkburton, nr. Huddersfield (Hon. Sec.) : Friday and alternate Mondays.

LIVERPOOL AND MANCHESTER :—

Cheshire.—Mr. W. H. Lipsham, Hoole, Chester (Hon. Sec.) : Tuesday, Saturday, and alternate Thursdays.

Forest and District.—Mr. H. L. May, Upton, Macclesfield (Master) : Saturdays and frequently bye-days.

Longendale.—Mr. J. D. Couban, Hollingworth, Cheshire (Hon. Sec.) : Two days a week.

Royal Rock.—Mr. J. H. Gair, Little Hey, Bromborough (Hon. Sec.) : Wednesday and Saturday.

Mr. F. Wood's.—Miss V. Wood, Newton-le-Willows, Lancs. (Hon. Sec.) : Saturday and a bye-day.

MOUNTING A RESTIVE HORSE.

A common fault with a restive horse is to circle round on his forehand so as to get the stirrup away from his rider and thus prevent him from mounting.

The best way to cure him of this habit is to tighten up the reins on the off side. This pulls the horse's head round to the right, and if he moves now he only brings his body closer to the man who is mounting him.

NEW R.E. BRANCH.

A recent special Army Order creates a new rank in the corps of Royal Engineers, with the designation of "Pioneer."

Infantry regiments have long had their "Pioneer Shops," the men employed being carpenters, bricklayers, smiths, masons, and other skilled workmen.

In peace time they are mainly occupied with barrack repairs, but in war the Pioneers of an infantry regiment, assuming there are no sappers present, have the honourable duty of making and blowing up bridges, cutting telegraph wires, destroying railways, constructing "obstacles," and clearing the field of fire of trees and other cover.

Pioneers have the privilege, if such it can be called, of wearing beards.

TAKING GIRLS OUT

SUBTLE POINTS THAT HAVE TO BE STUDIED.

The man who takes girls out, whether to tea or to the theatre, has to be more than a moderately good student of human nature, if he is going to make his fair guest enjoy herself. There are all sorts of circumstances under which he will be called upon to perform this office. He may be giving his sweetheart a little jaunt, he may be escorting his sister to a matinée and to a tea-room afterwards, or some friend may have begged him to act as cavalier to his (the friend's) sister on a shopping excursion. In such a case, a man is bound to dispense some sort of hospitality, and he must study the girl closely to decide on what form it shall take.

FLATTERED BY EXTRAVAGANCE.

A great many girls like to see a man spending money on them. It does not necessarily argue against the girl—though, perhaps, even the most disinterested male critic would prefer a more shy maiden—but it is a distinctly modern tendency in girls. They experience a flutter of excitement in seeing a man putting himself out, and, at the same time putting his hand in his pocket, to please them.

On the other hand, a great many girls are the exact opposite. They are embarrassed to see a man spending his money on them; and the masculine host who wants them to enjoy themselves has to consider this essentially delicate spirit. When he wants to take such a girl, say, to a teashop, he will probably strike the right note if he says he feels inclined for some tea, and asks her if she would be kind enough to keep him in countenance, and however expensive the place may be, she will be vastly relieved if he describes it as "quite a nice place, and not at all expensive." The artist in this respect, too, generally wraps the coin with which he pays the bill in the latter, in order that the lady may not see what it is, and make mental calculations when his change is brought to him.

WINE-LIST WORRIES.

In the matter of a dinner, too, some girls like to choose from the bill of fare, but a good many are very much embarrassed by it. The wine-list, again, is a dreadful trial to some. Few girls know good wine from bad; and they will be quite likely to order port with the oysters and *crème de menthe* with the joint.

So the most diplomatic thing to say is "The So-and-So is the best thing they've got here. Would you care to try it?" and the girl will assent with the air of a connoisseur, and be thanking her lucky stars all the time that you have not discovered her woeful lack of knowledge of the momentous subject of wine-selection.

In the hands of one type of girl, on the other hand, the wine-list is a weapon of torture to the man who is not as rich as Carnegie. She knows no more about wine than the other girl, but she backs her fancy on the highest price system—that is to say, she chooses the most expensive wines on the list.

HER CHOICE.

The writer well remembers going out one night with a friend and their two respective fiancées. The arrangement was that the writer should pay his own and his intended bride's dinner, and the friend should pay for himself and his fiancée; but my unfortunate friend's prospective spouse made such an injudicious choice that I had to slip him half-a-sovereign under the table "to make up."

When you take a girl to a theatre, there is need for equal diplomacy in selecting seats. If you run to too much expense you may embarrass her, while another girl will think you mean if you don't take the most expensive seats.

"Going home," too, is a question that must be studied. Some girls will not like you to call a cab or a taxi, much preferring to go by 'bus or tube. The best thing, perhaps, is to ask her point blank, hinting, however, that tubes are so noisy and give one a headache. If she agrees, take a cab; but if she is firm, give in with a good grace.

F. LEIGH.

AWAKENING

A HUMAN STORY.

By A. M. STEWART.

"You are not going, really?"

The woman put the question with just a note of doubt in her tone.

The man sitting opposite her moved a little uneasily under her mocking eyes.

"I can't stop," he said, sullenly.

"Can't! Why not? Aren't you comfortable here?" And she waved a white hand round the beautifully appointed room.

"It's not that, Trixie; you know it is not."

"I don't know anything, except that you are—well, a fool," was the impatient response. "You have got all a man wants, and yet you are going to throw up everything for the sake of—sentiment, fame, and money." She did not add what in her own opinion was still more important—herself!

"Look here, Trixie; I know I owe you an awful lot. I should never have done what I have done without your help."

"Oh! that's all right, old boy," she broke in. "My face and figure were just what you wanted for your picture and your genius did the rest."

The man lifted up his eyes and looked across at her, and he cursed himself for the look he surprised on her face.

His picture had made him famous, and he owed it to her—to her love for him!

And even while his eyes were resting on her wonderful beauty, his mind's eye was seeing a little brown-haired slip of a girl, with an illusive smile playing about her shy, red lips, and the woman who knew him so well read his thoughts.

"How many years is it since you said you must go back?" she asked, abruptly.

"I have said it every spring for three years," he answered, "and this is the first spring that it is possible for me to keep my promise."

She laughed.

"I know. 'When the fields are white with daisies I'll return'; but, my dear, they won't be the same daisies. You forget that!"

In her heart she thought him a fool who, when he could have roses, found time to remember there were such simple flowers as daisies; but she said no more.

Some three days later he said good-bye to her.

"We've had good times together, Trixie," as he looked round regretfully.

"That's awfully kind of you!" she laughed, and the man thought Trixie hadn't much heart.

* * * * * * *

He stepped out of the little country station and stood looking down the long, white road.

No one recognised him. The station-master was a new arrival, the porters were all different, but he saw the old familiar landmarks—the finger-post, the grey squat tower of the village church, and the windmill in the distance.

Down in the bend he knew he would find the little cottage where the brown-haired girl of his dreams lived, with the lawn in front that was always white with daisies in spite of all the efforts of the gardener.

He was sure of her welcome, although it was all those years since he had parted from her—years, too, in which he had known Trixie.

He would have to tell Maisie that he had not been an angel by any means; and Maisie would forgive him (in a man's dreams the Maisies always forgive the Trixies!) because in his heart Maisie had always reigned supreme.

It had been circumstances—poverty, ambition—that had rendered him unfaithful in deed.

He was justifying himself unconsciously while he walked along.

Yes, Maisie would understand!

How Trixie would have laughed if she could have guessed his thoughts, but the man would not have minded in the least—Maisie occupied the centre of the stage just then.

He had reached the bend, and in front of him was the little quaint cottage, with the creeper over the porch and the daisies in the lawn.

He opened the gate; it creaked on its hinges, and then he saw a board with "To Let" on it.

At that moment he realised what Trixie had meant when she said "They won't be the same daisies. You forget that."

He resolved to go into the village and make some inquiries. He must find Maisie.

The first house he came to was the doctor's. He glanced carelessly at the brass plate. So George had succeeded to his father's practice. He wondered if George would like to see him? George might be able to tell him whither Maisie had vanished.

He knocked, and a trim maid opened the door. No. The doctor was out, but the mistress was in, and the man was ushered into a cool, sweet-smelling room.

His thoughts were too full of the lost Maisie to leave room for wonder that old George was married, then, after all. A chap that never had a word to say to the girls!

He did not hear the soft swish of a woman's draperies, nor the door open, as he stood looking out into the village street. Then a voice sartled him.

"My husband won't be long. Is there anything I can do?"

He turned.

"Good heavens, Maisie!"

The smile with which the doctor's wife always greeted a possible new patient faded, while the great dusky eyes stared at the stranger.

"You!" she gasped.

It was the woman who recovered first, and she held out her hand with calm friendliness.

"George will be glad to see you. He was only talking of you the other day. We heard all about your success; you are quite a famous man now, Jim."

And that was all.

The tragedy in the man's soul was evidently not apparent to the woman whose image had been with him all those years.

"Fancy you coming down to this quiet place," she went on. "And you haven't altered much, Jim," she added, looking at him with a smile.

"How long have you been married?" he forced himself to ask.

"Oh! the spring after you went away."

"When the fields were white with daisies" ran with a fiendish persistence through the man's brain.

"And you must see my boy, Jim. He's such a bonny little fellow."

"And you're happy, Maisie?"

"Why, of course. George is perfect."

After that the man did not stop to renew his old acquaintance with the village doctor.

He had kept his promise to return when the fields were white with daisies.

"And now," said the man to himself, "I shall go back to town—and Trixie!"

But when he got to the flat there was no Trixie—only a brief characteristic note:

"Dear Jim,—Life is not a stocking, and you can't pick up the dropped stitches!"

HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN INSIDE.

Mr. David Devant, the famous conjurer, tells this story against himself:

He was engaged to appear at a lunatic asylum, and, arriving early in the day, he learned from the attendants that some of the patients were very fond of gardening.

Thinking that it would please them if he produced some seeds, he went down into the town in the afternoon and bought some sweet peas for magical production purposes at the evening performance.

The trick came off all right, but at the end Mr. Devant noticed that the audience seemed rather silent.

The explanation was forthcoming when one of the attendants came to him afterwards and suggested that he should remain in the asylum—he had not looked at the parcel he had produced, and had presented the amateur gardeners with a quantity of split peas.

£16 3s. FOR A LONDON READER THIS WEEK

Only Three Matches to Forecast.

All Money Paid Out Weekly.

RESULT OF OUR SECOND FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

In our second competition readers were asked to forecast the number of goals scored by each of the teams in three matches played on Jan. 27. The only reader whose forecasts were absolutely correct was Mr. W. G. Druitt, 47, Ordell Road, Bow, London, E., and to him, therefore, we have dispatched a cheque for the whole of the money available for distribution—namely, £16 3s.

Our third competition is cancelled, owing to the Cup Ties demanding the attention of the teams who should have played in the matches mentioned in our third entry-form. All money received in connection with that competition has, therefore, been returned to the senders.

An entry form for our Fourth Football Competition will be found on page 586. The results of that competition will be announced in our number published on Monday, Feb. 19.

To be successful in forecasting the results of matches, one must be well acquainted with the various teams engaged, and also with the factors that make for success in a football match, such as whether a team is playing at home or away. A knowledge of the form and special abilities of the various members of the teams is also very necessary in making such a forecast. Various handbooks are published giving facts regarding the past performances of clubs, but the best guide is the information published in the newspapers as to what clubs have done, or have failed to do, in the present season.

As will be observed from our rules, *the prize money will be awarded every week*, no matter whether it be £5 or £500, and whether anyone is absolutely correct or not. We feel that such a course will prove much more satisfactory to competitors than to award a large sum for a complicated solution which is practically impossible of attainment.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING OUR FOURTH FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

(1). On the entry form appearing on page 586 you will find the names of six teams playing in three matches next Saturday, February 10. Opposite each name fill in the score which you believe that team will make.

(2). In the event of any of these matches not taking place that match will not be considered in deciding the Competition; the forecasts made concerning it will be disregarded, and the winners will be selected according to the forecasts made for the remaining matches.

(3). Every first attempt in this Competition must be accompanied by a postal order for sixpence, payable to THE MODERN MAN, Ltd., and crossed "and Co." You may make six further attempts free of charge. Thus if you send seven attempts, one sixpenny postal order will be sufficient. If you desire to send more attempts than seven, you must enclose a further sixpence with every additional seven solutions.

(4). Every forecast must be written on the Fourth Football Competition entry form taken from page 586.

(5). Address your letter to "Fourth Football Competition," THE MODERN MAN Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

(6). All attempts must reach us on or before the first post on Thursday, February 8. Results will appear in our issue published on February 19.

(7). We are not responsible for any coupons lost in the post or mislaid, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.

(8). We accept no responsibility for any alterations that may be made in the fixtures given in the entry form.

(9). No correspondence will be entered into in connection with this Competition.

(10). The whole of the prize-money received will be awarded to the competitor who sends us the correct forecast. If more than one competitor does so, the money will be divided. If no one is correct, the prize-money will go to the competitor who has only one error, and if there are more than one with only one error, the prize-money will be divided amongst them; and so on. The money received will be paid out every week to the person or persons whose forecasts are correct, or most nearly correct. For example, if the actual score made by a team is 3, and you forecast it as 2, you have made one error. If you forecast it as 5, you have made two errors. So with the other teams: you may make a slight error in each of them and the number of your mistakes in the aggregate may be considerable. Yet you will win the prize if your forecasts are more nearly correct than those of anyone else. Each entry form will be judged independently, and without regard to any others that may accompany it.

(11). Readers who are domiciled in Scotland are precluded from competing, as Counsel consider this Competition illegal in Scotland.

(12). The decision published in THE MODERN MAN is final, and competitors may enter only on this understanding.

BOXING CHATTER.

PARS ABOUT THE PICK OF THE PROFESSION.

There is no "prettier" boxer than Digger Stanley, the bantam-weight champion of Great Britain, and this fact was once again demonstrated at the N.S.C. last Monday night, the occasion being "Peggy" Bettinson's benefit. He sparred one of the most scientific exhibition bouts ever witnessed with Mr. R. J. Bamberger, who, clever amateur though he is, was practically bewildered by the brilliancy of Stanley's footwork.

Another boxer, older and even sounder, in some good judges' opinions, than Digger, Pedlar Palmer to wit, also gave a remarkable exhibition.

These two, however, were only exhibition bouts. The really big event of the evening was the meeting between Joe Bowker, the ex-bantam-weight champion of the world, and Charles Ledoux, the French champion at the same weight. Bowker had a slight advantage in size and reach, but the Frenchman looked more powerful. The men may be said to have been very evenly matched, and the bout went ten rounds, during the last of which Mr. Douglas, the referee, gave a verdict in Ledoux's favour after Bowker had gone to the floor five times in the round.

The bout to which I briefly referred last week between Alf. Langford and Jim Johnson took place at the "Ring," Blackfriars Road, last Monday night, and was distinctly unsatisfactory. The men had met on a previous occasion, when Langford broke Johnson's jaw. On Monday, however, Johnson showed up much better, getting in a lot more punches than Langford, who was "foxing" shamelessly. Time after time he sank to the ground when no hit had been landed; and at last he was awarded the fight on a foul. It was a very unpopular decision, however, for Langford came in for a demonstration of distinct disfavour.

"STRAIGHT LEFT."

'SOCCER NOTES.

CHAT ABOUT BIG CLUBS AND THEIR MEMBERS.

The feature of the play in big matches last week seemed to be small scoring—a distinct contrast to what obtained on the previous Saturday. In one of the most exciting matches—that between Blackburn Rovers and Tottenham Hotspur at Blackburn—there was no scoring at all. The 'Spurs had made a good many changes, and as the Rovers were at full strength and playing on their own ground, the latter's chances were looked upon as very rosy. They pressed, heavily, too, in the first half, but were weak in front of goal, despite the fact that the Hotspurs' defence was not too robust. The visitors, however, showed much better form after the interval, and "divided the points" with a very meritorious goalless draw.

There was another draw at Everton, where the home team and Aston Villa divided a couple of goals. Strangely enough, though the home team dominated the game in the first half, the first goal was put on by Aston Villa.

Poor Bury have been beaten again on their own ground, and their conquerors this time are Middlesbrough, who scored two goals to Bury's *nil*. With the exception of their goalkeeper, McDonald, the Bury men are showing wretched form, and it is sadly to be feared they will be in the Second Division next season.

Three home teams caused surprise in the Southern League by being beaten. These were New Brompton, whom Queen's Park Rangers beat by 2—1, Southampton, who went down before Swindon by 3—1, and Crystal Palace, who sustained a 2—1 defeat inflicted by Northampton. In each case, it may be noted, the losing side was lower in the table than its conqueror. In fact, the winners in question, at the time of writing, occupy the top of the list, Swindon Town first, Queen's Park Rangers second, and Northampton third.

G. K.

SWINDLES

A CRIMINAL'S REVELATIONS. By WORMWOOD PORTLAND.

4.—PLAYING IT LOW DOWN.

[*We desire it to be thoroughly understood that the names of all the people mentioned in these articles are fictitious. Where reference is made to men or women still alive, any indication as to their actual identity has been removed from the manuscript.*—EDITOR.]

I turned into Clerkenwell County Court, not because I had any business there, whether as plaintiff, defendant, witness or anything else, but simply because it was raining, and the pubs. were closed—that is to say, they were closed to me, for I couldn't sport the price of a drink.

For some time I hung about in the vestibule, waiting for the downpour to dry up, but instead of doing that, it increased; and I turned into the Registrar's Court.

SEEDY LITIGANTS.

The Registrar was very busy. A queue of seedy-looking plaintiffs reached from his desk almost to the door, and a smaller number of seedier-looking defendants were grouped irregularly on the other side of him. At the rate of about one a minute the former stepped in front of him, kissed a greasy Testament and made a brief declaration.

Defendant present? No. Judgment. Defendant present? Yes. Two or three questions asked and answered — all volubility nipped in the bud, and—judgment for plaintiff. In a couple of cases (during my stay) in which a tenable or debatable defence was raised, "You must go before the Judge."

Presently I began to take more interest in the proceedings, for it struck me something might be done—done by sheer bluff. Practised by the right sort of person on the right sort of persons, unadulterated bluff will succeed in nine cases out of ten where more artistically elaborated methods might fail. What a lot of wise saws I'm chucking in with my modern instances. I wonder whether I could get anything for an expert treatise on the Philosophy of Crime.

THREE PROMISING CASES.

As the idea that had occurred to me took shape, I watched for a few cases that would lend themselves to my purpose. I got three, jotting down all necessary particulars. In the first case, Michael Matthews, tally-man, sued John Toites, of Page's Cottages, Holloway Road, for seventeen shillings, arrears. John put in no appearance. Michael got his judgment. Case number two: same plaintiff obtained judgment against another non-appearing defendant for one pound four—Jacob Scatts, of Mount Pleasant Road, Stroud Green.

The third case was that of Bellamy and Ivis *versus* Lawrence Pallorum, described as an artist, of Evershot Road, Tollington Park, to whom plaintiffs had supplied frames and other articles to the tune of eleven pounds fifteen and sixpence. The delinquent Lawrence sent down a long-haired chum to explain matters in a nice, pleasant, unbusiness-like manner; but the callous Registrar wouldn't give him half a chance. Judgment for Bellamy and Ivis.

WILES OF THE TALLY-MAN.

The Court was still hard at it when I left. I walked through the rain to Holloway Road and got directed to Page's Cottages. Lest the dinner hour of John Toites should be between one and two, I hung about till a little past the latter. My business was not with John but his wife—just as presently it would be with Mrs. Scatts, not Jacob.

How tally-men run their show is common knowledge. They give the women tick in their husband's names; and the former, when they get behind with their payments, take in the summonses issued against the latter, who—poor devils—more often than not know nothing of what has been going on till the brokers come in or they themselves have to face a commitment to quod for contempt of Court in not paying a debt which they were never aware had been contracted. So it was Mrs. Toites I knocked up.

"I'm an Officer of the Court," I declared, striding into the passage, the moment she opened the front door. I didn't say what Court, for I knew she'd know. No thought of discrediting or doubting my assertion or of challenging my authority occurred to her for the moment. She took everything of that sort for granted.

"What's happened?" she cried, all of a tremble. "They can't do nothing yet. The summings only come on this morning, and Mrs. Johnson, next-door but three on the left, as is quite familiar-like with summingses, she told me . . . . ."

"Happened?" I interrupted her sternly. "What has happened? *I've* happened. The new Summary Jurisdiction Act has been put in force, and I'm here to take the Inventory."

IMPRESSIVE WORDS.

I'd an idea that "Jurisdiction" would frighten her, thinking she would associate it with the terrors of a jury, but it was the other word she grasped—and gasped—at.

"Summery? Why, it ain't Spring yet!"

"I'm not here to talk to convicted debtors like you," I told her sternly, taking out my pocket-book. "The first thing is the Inventory—and, then, of course, the High Bailiff will send a man to take possession at once."

She was so worked up already that I was able to come to the point quicker than I expected. I certainly *could* stop all proceedings for a fortnight—in fact, I wouldn't deny it—but besides what I should have to give another Officer I should be a clean five shillings out of pocket.

She jumped at it. She hadn't anything in the house, but would I wait till she came back? I knew what she meant—I'd noticed the three balls hanging out at the end of the street. But she might meet the experienced Mrs. Johnson, and that wouldn't do. No. I was really breaking the law as it was, and I couldn't let her out of my sight. However, as things had gone so far between us, I wouldn't back out now, and I'd go with her. She made up the bundle and we started.

HER LAST HALF-CROWN.

While she was inside the pawnbroker's, I hit on a dodge to screw a bit more out of her. When she rejoined me I first pocketed the dollar, and then:

"I can't help it, Mrs. Toites. You must come with me to the Court. You have pledged the very articles you haven't paid for. The judgment of this morning made them the property of the Law. The Law must take its course."

She showed me the ticket. She'd only raised seven-and-six on the lot. I took the other half-crown, a couple of brief drinks, and then a 'bus for the neighbourhood of Mount Pleasant Road, Stroud Green—a mile or so off.

It didn't come off with Mrs. Scatts. I didn't even get as far as her passage. She put her arms akimbo and barred the way. Neither my words nor my manner, my appearance nor my pocket-book, impressed her—or impressed her at all favourably: that is to say, imposed on her.

"I'm an Officer of the Court," I began.

"I *don't* think," said Mrs. Scatts. "And if you are, what of it?"

A MASTERFUL MATRON.

"This of it"—and I flattered myself I was rather improving on the version that had done the trick so easily with the spouse of the other debtor. She listened impatiently and unconcernedly, but very intelligently. Before I'd finished, she hailed an urchin trundling a hoop past the house.

"Bobbie, go and fetch your father," she bade him. "If you can't find your father, bring a policeman."

I don't know which came. I didn't wait for either.

The incident rather put me off my nerve, but I wasn't going to funk my third chance. In this case, however, it might be advisable to vary my tactics, at all events as regarded the details of my misrepresentations. Let me see—Lawrence Pallorum, artist—eleven-fifteen-six. Presumably a man of education. Sending down that long-haired chum to the Court looked as though Pallorum didn't respect his summons as he would if he'd never had one before.

The least risky plan would be first to use the names of Bellamy and Ivis, as though I'd come from them, falling back on the Court dodge in some form if it seemed fairly safe. If he demanded to see my papers, I must have left them behind me. At the worst, he wasn't likely to do more than kick me out.

A servant girl admitted me at once, and showed me into a rather untidy little waiting-room. Yes, Mr. Pallorum was in. In connection with a private matter? She'd tell him. A minute afterwards in came—the long-haired chum.

"Hulloa!" he exclaimed, genially. "Why, I saw you in the Court this morning."

(*Continued on page* 604.)

COURAGE AND COWARDICE

FRANK SCUDAMORE RELATES SOME OF HIS EXPERIENCES AS A WAR CORRESPONDENT.

What is cowardice and how shall it be defined? I am writing, of course, of the physical rather than of the moral defect, though, in truth, the two march generally hand in hand, and the moral coward is unlikely to sustain for any length of time a reputation for physical bravery that he may have gained unduly by some momentary inadvertence.

In any case, cowardice is as difficult to estimate as it is in some cases to explain. This, however, at least may be said of it, that it has not necessarily anything to do with fear, for a man who performs an action or carries out a movement or remains in a post of great danger because it is his duty and he is affording an example to others may be in "a blue funk" all the time, and yet he is assuredly no coward. Indeed, he is probably a braver man than another who, in a similar position, would have no sense of physical dread.

One may recall the story of the officer who was complimented on the coolness of his men, who, in a singularly exposed position, were laughing and joking under a heavy sniping fire, to which they were replying with great enthusiasm.

TOO BUSY TO BE AFRAID.

"Faith," said the officer, "luckily they've got plenty to do, but I think that if they were a quarter as much afraid as I am, they wouldn't be here."

I do not believe that cowardice is in any way racial. I would suggest that, though possibly in different ways, all peoples are equally brave. I have campaigned at different times, and in different climates, with Britons, French, Spaniards, Italians, Greeks, Turks, Moors, Egyptians, Arabs, and Sudanese, and with Indian troops of various races and creeds, and I have long since come to the conclusion that the level of courage among all these varied races is fairly equally distributed; but, of course, it is adverse circumstances that call forth the salient qualities of races, as of individuals.

THE BEST AND THE WORST.

In such conditions, I have no doubt that Britons—whether English, Irish, Scotch, or Welsh—show to infinitely greater advantage than do the troops of any other nationality, and after the British I would unhesitatingly place the Turks, while I would put Greeks and Italians at the very bottom of the roster, and vieing one with the other for lowest place.

This, of course, is dealing with the cowardice, or the reverse, of races, and especially as regards the conduct of troops in action; and inasmuch as the behaviour of troops in the presence of an enemy is dependent, in my estimation, wholly on the conduct and efficiency of their officers (from junior subaltern to general) and on the men's confidence in and liking for them, it does not carry us very far towards a definition of actual cowardice, or to a decision as to the difference between cowardice and lack of presence of mind.

SHOULD THE V.C. BE AWARDED?

In the course of my campaigning career I have seen three Victoria Crosses gained—by this I mean that I witnessed the incidents which won the coveted decorations for their worthy recipients; but I have seen many other occasions when the cherished "three penn'orth of gun metal" was earned to the full as well and as bravely, but where circumstances would not permit of its being accorded. Moreover, I have known of other cases—too many, alas!—when the determination on the part of an officer to win "the Cross" has led not only to his own death, but also to that of more than one of his comrades.

What is it that makes for the winning of such a distinction as the V.C.? Very largely, I would say, that quick presence of mind which immediately grasps a situation and acts on the instant. I have questioned sometimes whether such a distinction as the V.C. "for valour" should be permitted to exist, inasmuch as the utmost that a soldier or sailor can do in the face of the enemy is no more than his duty. It may be remembered that it was not for cowardice, but for failure "to do his utmost," that we tried and shot Admiral Byng.

Just as this essential presence of mind and promptness to seize opportunity may gain for a man the most valued of our Service decorations, so may the lack of presence of mind—even though but momentary—cause him to be branded as a coward.

I have in my mind more than one instance of so unfortunate an occurrence. In a battle in which I took part (I will not, for obvious reasons, name it), and which was disastrous to British arms, two officers were engaged, both of whom had seen much service, and had distinguished themselves. We fought, as is so often the case, at dawn, after being under arms all night, exposed to a constant sniping fire from a very active enemy. I remember that I and another correspondent who were writing our telegrams by moonlight took it in turns every hour to go round the lines to find the number of our casualties, which were considerable.

The night was bitter cold, and at dawn, when we advanced to the attack, nearly every man was coughing, and there were not a few cases of violent colic among our ranks.

OFFICERS WHO RAN AWAY.

Then the ambushed enemy broke in upon us in great force, and for a brief space all was confusion. During that confusion the two officers to whom I have alluded, distinguished men and old soldiers, lost their heads and bolted. Their madness lasted but a minute or two, and they made their way back to their men, and throughout the rest of the day their conduct was exemplary; but their action had been observed, and there was but one course open to the authorities. They were both permitted to resign their commissions. Now, these men were not cowards, but the temporary loss of grip of the situation ruined their careers.

Let me tell a story that is pleasanter. It was at another battle, and at dawn, and we had marched all night to reach our fighting ground. The late G. W. Steevens and I were standing to our horses behind a Highland regiment, waiting for the bugle to sound the general advance. To us approached a young kilted subaltern, who, greeting us with a wan smile, said: "Of course, you've been in this sort of thing so often that it doesn't affect you; but I will confess that I am horribly afraid."

A TIMELY TONIC.

"My dear boy," said I, "you are probably bitterly cold. All you want is a drink." And, having the necessary material with me, I was able to administer my own prescription—a tin of fluid beef essence with a dollop of spirit. Then the fight began, and it was some days before I again saw my young friend, who then told me that he was certain that by that judicious tot I had saved his reputation.

"I was really afraid," he assured me, "that I was going to disgrace myself."

I am satisfied that the fact of this declared fear would have prevented his doing anything of the kind, yet here was a man who believed himself to be a coward.

I may mention that in a subsequent campaign he gained the V.C.

FRANK SCUDAMORE.

HORSES' LARGE STOMACHS.

The horse, even in proportion to its size, has a very large stomach. That is why he requires a bulky as well as a nourishing form of diet.

If you fed a horse on oats alone, he would not keep in condition, for his digestive apparatus is fitted for and demands a less concentrated form of feed.

Therefore the oats are mixed with a proportion of chaff, which is chopped hay or chopped hay and straw.

Besides filling the horse's stomach, the chaff has the additional quality of making him chew his oats thoroughly and thus extract all their nutriment.

Only good quality hay and straw should be made into chaff, and it should not be chopped so small as to become dusty. The average length of each piece should be about an inch.

It must be remembered that horses are not fed on the same stuff as they would find if they were roaming wild. This is because we demand extra work from them, and, consequently, must give them energy-producing food.

OF INTEREST TO ALL MEMBERS OF MINIATURE RIFLE CLUBS.

The following are some of the more important regulations for shooting competitions conducted under the rules of the Society of Miniature Rifle Clubs.

Any competitive meeting must be under the general control of a Range Committee of not less than three members.

The definition of a tyro is as follows: A tyro is a competitor who has not, prior to the date of the competition, won anything in any open competition with any rifle. An open competition is one at which individual members of more than one club are eligible to compete.

In deliberate competitions competitors must fire without delay. Five minutes is allowed for ten shots, and to exceed this may mean disqualification.

In time-limit shooting, time is reckoned from the word "Commence."

SEVERE BUT JUST.

In no circumstances may any rifle be loaded except at the firing-point, or taken from the firing-point loaded, or pointed in any direction except towards the target.

The penalty for breaking this rule is severe, but justly so. It is (*a*) exclusion from further competitions, and (*b*) forfeiture of entry fee and prizes.

In the case of a defective cartridge, so long as the bullet has not left the barrel another cartridge may be substituted by permission of the range officer, while a defective rifle may be exchanged again by permission; but no extra time will be allowed.

Moving targets should move not less than one foot a second, while disappearing targets are exposed for three seconds and covered for six.

As to scoring, over which disputes sometimes arise, the score is counted from the edge of the shot-hole nearest the target.

OTHER PEOPLE'S TARGETS.

In no circumstances may a competitor touch his target or that of any other competitor.

A competitor hitting the wrong target shall lose his shot and also one "bob."

Ties are decided as follows:

In individual competitions for challenge trophies or championships, and in competitions for single prizes, ties will be shot off by refiring at the longest range.

Where the competition is for a money prize, however, ties will not be shot off, but the prize divided, whether it is an individual or team competition. If, in addition to money, there is a prize in kind, then ties will be decided by the highest score at the longest range; if still a tie, by fewest hits of lowest value; and if still a tie, then by shooting off at the longest range.

A competitor's rifle may be of any pattern, and of any calibre not exceeding .23 of an inch; or it may be a rifle of larger calibre provided that it is fitted with a tube or other device so that it does not take a cartridge exceeding the standard calibre.

SIGHTS.

The trigger pull must not be less than 4lbs.

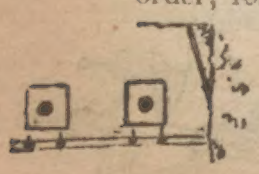
Two varieties of sights are officially recognised—namely, (1) The "Any" sight. Sights of any pattern, fixed or adjustable, but not fitted with magnifying glasses, telescopes, or spirit levels. (2) "Military" sights. Identical in pattern with those used on any rifle in any branch of H.M.'s Service in the British Isles.

Orthoptic spectacles are not allowed in military sight competitions.

Unless specially regulated against, any kind of position is permitted when firing, but no artificial rest may be used. Further, in the prone position the forearm must be clear of the ground.

Competitors should see that their entry forms are in order, for entry fees are *not* returnable.

A. A. BERTRAM.



MY NOTEBOOK.

SUGGESTIONS FOR PRIZES. In connection with several of our competitions, we have been giving bicycles as prizes; for instance, this week the first prize attaching to our second "Centres" competition is a bicycle. Our reason for awarding bicycles is that an up-to-date machine of this season's pattern is a welcome gift to most men, but it has struck me that there may perhaps be something else that would be more acceptable to the majority of our readers, and therefore I shall be glad if, next time you write to me, you would, if you happen to remember, just jot down any suggestion that occurs to you in regard to suitable and acceptable prizes.

Don't all guess at once a motor-car and a purse of sovereigns, but suggest something about the value of a bicycle. I want our prizes to be as acceptable as possible, and in this way I hope to learn what the majority of my readers prefer, so that in future competitions we may be able to meet their wishes.

AGAINST THE GLOVES. "I am sorry," says a Manchester reader, "to find articles on boxing and boxing news occupying such a large section of your paper. Boxing is not an elevating sport, in my opinion. It cannot have anything but a brutalising effect upon a man to punch another in the face, even although he has padded gloves on. Now, rowing, of which I am fond, has a distinctly elevating effect upon the mind. It brings you into contact with the beauties of our water-ways and makes you appreciate our glorious scenery. You cannot say that of boxing."

IN DEFENCE. I should not like it to be thought that I am condemning rowing when I dispute my reader's assertion, and give it as my humble opinion that boxing is in every way its equal.

Personally, I am very fond of the river, and, if I remember rightly, I have mentioned in these notes more than once little impressions that have occurred while on the water. Nothing can be more beautiful than a river landscape at night, with a clear, starlit sky above you, lights twinkling here and there upon the banks, someone interesting to talk to, and just sufficient exercise to keep you comfortably warm. There is an equal charm in rowing of a more athletic character, where each muscle is strained to its utmost endeavour, but the charm is of a different character.

So, again, boxing has its own particular attractions. I agree with my correspondent that it cannot be considered as a means to the appreciation of beautiful scenery, although it sometimes happens that the boxing enthusiast becomes an involuntary student of astronomy, but, seriously, there is a satisfaction in sparring with a well-matched antagonist that is fit to rank as one of the big pleasures of life.

Why it should be that when you and a chum have been doing your utmost to secure points with the gloves against one another, you should feel particularly friendly towards each other, I do not know, but such is the case. You never like a man better than when he and you have been meeting in friendly rivalry with the gloves.

It is said in some quarters that the study of boxing has a brutalising effect, especially in the poorer districts of our great cities. I do not think this charge can be brought against scientific boxing, for it is not that in which the hooligan element is interested, but in unscientific scrapping.

I have known several men who did not care for boxing, but without exception they have been men who had never learnt the science, and who had, therefore, avoided putting on the gloves in case they should make fools of themselves. The man who is a moderately good boxer, and who has, therefore, tasted its pleasures, always has a good word to say for it.

TOLERATION. My reader's letter suggests the need for greater toleration in criticising sports, just as there is need for it in considering another man's religion or his political views.

"I should like to see a thing abolished because I don't enjoy it" is the ungenerous standpoint of too many people.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

MR. NEIDERBERG'S NOSE-BAG.

A TALE OF THE TURF.

By BERNARD MACKLIN.

The searching chill of a real old-fashioned "steeplechase day"—and that phrase refers to the weather as well as the programme—held sway at Sandown Park. When my friend Mr. Konkenscheim, who is an estimable worker of away commissions, offered to toss me for two bowls of the famous Irish stew, and, further, was obliging enough to lose, I was glad.

"It's pretty unlikely that many of the family and commercial race-goers," he observed, "ever sit down to anything you can call a mid-day meal at any of Tatt.'s restaurants. They do you fairly well—at a figger, mind you, at a figger—all over the country, but I reckon this 'ere Sandahn Irish stew goes down better than anything round the courses. But there's some chaps that have principles about grub. They like it just as mother makes it.

"You take my uncle Neiderberg. He kids it's on account of 'is being a good religionist and requirin' 'is fodder 'Kosher.' But it's my Aunt Neiderberg's cookin' 'e likes, you bet yer life. There you are—see 'im over there with the bulge in 'is pocket? Well, that's 'is nose-bag.

"No, if I'm not interferin' with your business you are'n't stoppin' me, and, as you say, another bowl'll go down a thousand per cent. more grateful and comfortin' than fried fish and vinegar on a Shob-a-burnin'—and candles a sight more expensive than gas.

"Funny thing 'appened about uncle Neiderberg's little cold collation once. You know, whether its 'Kosher' sandwiches or a little game pie, 'e always carries it in a box 'e 'ad made special, and 'e ties a serviette, white as driven snow, around it. It must cost 'im a tanner a week for washin' 'is serviettes alone. I tell yer 'e's got *geld*. Well, o' course, so the tale goes, 'e never used to be so careful until 'e became a family man, and when they started to laugh at 'im about it, 'e said 'e never 'ad ate of the tough breast of the Tattersall's chicken nor chewed the luscious Ostend rabbit. At a dollar per lunch, with corn-flower and stewed prunes, 'e said, it 'ad always been too 'igh a figger for 'im, and, at any bettin', whether 'e 'ad done it or no in the past, they could 'ave their last penny on the fact that 'e never would in the rest of 'is sojourn 'ere below.

"Of course, that was puttin' the boys of the village right at the post an' rails. More especially did it affect another of the 'opes of our 'ouse, Issy Shuster, 'is nevvy and my cousin. 'E was what you *could* call a nut—and go with an open conscience to Shoel—'e was!

"'E reckoned 'e was original. 'E said you 'card a lot about people goin' round in the world doin' good to others. 'Is lay, and 'e didn't mind 'oo knew it either, was doin' good as well—only Issy Shuster was the feller 'e was 'eapin' 'is benefactions on. See what I mean?

"'E gets well in with the other chaps on the lay of robbin' Uncle Neiderberg of 'is nose-bag, and, in fact, is in somethin' of a 'urry to place 'is expert services at their disposal without goin' through the foolishness o' cuttin' the cards to see 'oo should bell the cat.

"'Only the nose-bag,' ses one of 'em to 'im. 'You don't want to carry the joke as far as 'is bank-notes, y'know, Shuster.'

"Raffles? Pooh, Raffles wasn't to be named alongside of Issy for mistakin' what was some other bloke's for 'is own.

"So that was all right. There was a lot o' bets made that uncle Neiderberg 'ud 'ave to come down to the muscle bold and sinew tough of the Gentile chicken when 'e found that someone 'ad run the rule acrost 'im for 'is nosebag. But Issy Shuster, though 'e 'ad a side bet just for spoof, was thinkin' about somethin' entirely different.

"You see, bein' a relation, 'e 'ad found it a little bit against 'is conscience to run the rule properly over Uncle Neiderberg; and it was not money 'e wanted. In fairness to 'im, I s'pose I ought to say 'e 'ad asked perlitely enough times and times again; but Uncle Shuster bein', as 'e said, in a persition o' trust, would not tell 'im at any time the away commissions 'e did for 'is syndicate. 'E always 'ad a sheaf o' wires just afore the race though, and 'eaven only knew where 'e produced 'em from. Pals of Issy's—on account of the little point of honour I've told you about—'ad deputised for 'im occasionally, but never 'ad they been able to put their light fingers on the bunch o' telegraph forms what 'ad on them the names of Uncle Neiderberg's syndicate's good things, and the way Uncle kept comin' out with snow-white 'arf-starched serviettes for 'is nosebag 'ad long since given Issy the down that there was money in the syndicate's little investments. Not 'arf.

"You should ha' seen the size of the sandwich 'e waved to Issy when What-a Dancer rolled 'ome."

"But 'ere was a chance for Issy to make a thorough search, when 'e took the op. afforded at some choked-up barrier or other, an' if 'e was tumbled by Uncle 'e could say, 'Oh, it's only a little joke got up by the boys. I've been put up to 'arf-inch your nosebag, and dog-gorn me if I 'aven't gone and made a mucker of it.'

"See? With fair and free and more or less unimpeachable proof to 'and into the bargain!

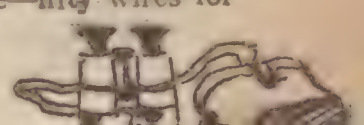
"'E stood on velvet, didn't 'e, like that?

"But 'e was what you might call thorough, was Issy. You'll note that 'is objective was the wires, and not the nose-bag as fondly imagined by 'is pals, the practical-joke merchants. So, knowin' old Uncle Neiderberg was a man what positively 'ated bein' done, on due consideration, 'e thought that if 'e managed so that 'e was delicately informed that there was nefarious designs on 'is lunch 'e'd keep all 'is attention on that, leavin' the supposedly ignorant 'and to wander into the other poaching pockets on the big coat, and finally discover the wires.

"Issy managed that all right through—well, yes, through another cousin, young Saul Moses, a promisin' boy. As a family, we are always together in any little project where bits 'ave to be clipped off the golden calf—and Uncle Neiderberg was that, though I can't say as any of us ever worshipped *'im*.

"Thus you'll see it was properly got up for old Uncle, and Issy waits until a nice, fat, good-bettin' sort o' day at Kempton Park, an' searches Uncle thoroughly as 'e passed along under the covered way from the station, with the result that 'e found—nothin'!—not a sniff of as much as a tanner stamp, and 'e 'ad to take the nose-bag—a childish thing for a feller of 'is grade in the perfeshion—just for a joke after all!

"This 'e produces, thinkin' some sport or the other would stand 'im a nice glass o' wine over it at the very least, in Tatt.'s bar, just preliminary to the first race. And underneath the sandwiches, there they were—fifty wires for



the smart juvenile 'urdler, What-a-dancer, the 'andy little 'orse that always won when wanted!

"Well, that so flabbergasted Issy that 'e was in the state when 'e might 'ave given a bob in mistake for a 'apenny to any beggar 'oo 'ad 'appened to come at the moment. But the luck o' the family 'eld good. No beggars strolled into Tatt.'s bar.

"My other cousin, 'im 'oo 'ad put Uncle Neiderberg up to the wheeze that they were after 'is nose-bag, 'ad a hasty twinge o' conscience, 'owever.

"'Swelp me,' 'e said, 'but I ain't a-goin' to be a party to spoilin' Nunky's little commission. It's the man's livin',' 'e ses. 'Ere's fifty wires, in different codes, backin' What-a-dancer, an' it's ten minutes to the race. No chance for 'im to re-write 'em.'

"'Garn, it'ud be a rare joke not to give 'em back to 'im,' ses Issy. 'The times I've arst 'im for a little bit o' the know! And 'ere I've got it at last.

"'You'd dish a blood-brother, and 'ang me if the mozzel (luck) don't go dead against yer,' ses young Saul.

"'Oh, all right. It won't 'urt *us*,' said Issy. 'We've got the information. All we 'ave to do is not say a word to a soul, 'specially our pals the bookies, an' back it at the last minute at startin' price.'

"'Righto!' ses Saul. 'I'll off an' find Uncle, and tell 'im it's all a joke, an' that we see we've gone a bit too far, as we've got his wires. P'r'aps 'e'll stand a round after that.'

"'Bet yer 'e don't,' ses Issy, very quick.

"'No bet,' ses Saul. 'You'd 'ave to get up very early to find 'is enthoosiasm out-runnin' *'is* discretion.'

"Five minutes later Saul comes back breathless. 'Couldn't find uncle nowhere,' 'e said.

"'They're all addressed,' 'e said, 'so I take you fellers to witness I bunged 'em in the telegraph office.'

"And we watched 'im cut off to the telegraph office with the wires.

"No sooner 'ad 'e got back than Uncle comes in, smilin' no end of a smile.

"'Well, Issy,' 'e ses, very familiar, 'I 'ope you backed What-a-dancer as was written on all the forms you pinched together vith my nose-bag.'

"'Ere 'e pulled out a Kosher sandwich very triumphant.

"'A little cuvée reservée this is,' ses 'e. 'You see I was apprised o' your little game. I know vat your ideas vas,' ses 'e.' (My uncle couldn't speak good English like you and me can.) 'So I fairly got it up for you, Isaac,' 'e goes on. 'I'll bet by this time you've 'ad a pile o' geld on What-a-dancer, and it 'asn't got vun little chance o'vinnin' to-day.'

"At that Issy fetches such a whoop.

"'Strewth!' 'e ses. 'Once more the arrow of vengeance 'as fallen on the 'ead of 'im 'oo drew the bow-string. Your nevvy and my cousin, Saul, 'as just bunged the wires into Tatts.'

"'Goot himmel!' 'e ses. 'I am ruindt, ruindt! Oh, vat vill become of me and my Rebecca? Five 'undred pounds at S.P. on a 'orse what 'as got 'is mindt on vatchin' the daisies grow,' ses 'e.

"'That won't 'urt yer, yer old Shylock,' ses Issy, not 'avin' the business instincts to restrain 'is feelin's.

"I was there, I was.

"'Poor uncle,' I ses, 'poor uncle.'

"And then the rest o' the tribe, all bar Saul and Uncle, left the bar, an'—most of 'em being bookies' runners, or right-'and men in the one-in-the-lug department—went an' told their employers that they could put What-a-dancer on offer at any bloomin' price—and 'e'd opened a firm favourite, too, when the bettin' started—any price.

"I 'ad ben 'oldin' poor uncle's 'andkerchief for 'im a long time when I saw a very big smile show on the old chap's mug. Outside they were yellin', 'Ere, oo'll 'ave twenty-to-one What-a-dancer?'

"'Now,' ses Nunky to Saul, 'shall we let our little relation 'ere into the secret? Shall we tell 'im 'ow, vunce the stealin' of my nose-bag vas suggested, the idea came into my 'ead of the vun vay of gettin' a price about that smart 'urdler, What-a-dancer? Shall we tell 'im 'ow I arranged vith you, Saul, to rescue my vires an' bung 'em into Tatt.'s post-office, an' then for me to come in an' veep an' say as I 'ad intended to pay out Issy an' the jokers, an' that the 'orse 'ad no chance? Shall I tell 'im vhat effect we knew it would 'ave on the bettin' when Issy broke the news and gave the bookies a chance to get their lungs into bravely puttin' on offer a 'orse not expected to win?'

"An' then, like in a play, the answer came from outside: 'Twenty-ter-one What-a-dancer!'

"'Oh, listen to the music,' ses Uncle. 'We shall 'ear twenties about the best thing o' the day. Now,' ses Nunky, 'You, my faithful Saul, 'oo 'as been true to me all through the piece, and you, Philip Konkenschiem, child of my own sister, 'oo sympathised vith me in my seeming misfortune, come vith me up to the stand.'

"Up we went. . . . You should ha' seen the size of the sandwich 'e waved to Issy when What-a-dancer rolled 'ome. Look, that's Saul over there in the lovely rings and the big pin, talkin' to Uncle. If you 'appen to notice a 'orse-scrapper with a big nose 'oo's anxious to pick yer pockets, that'll be Issy.

"Always keep in with yer relations what 'ave geld, I say. You must 'ave a little bit on Chickabiddy in the next race. It's a doddle for 'im, bar accidents. I'm workin' the commission for 'pore Uncle'—me that was, as you might say, unattached before. There, look at 'im unfoldin' the clean serviette. Bless 'is bank-notes, 'e's about to 'ave a snack out of 'is nose-bag."

Whether you are writing a drama or a love-letter, an epic or a football forecast, you will find that your thoughts will flow far more freely if you are using one of our fountain pens. For details see page 599.

A HIGH-GRADE BICYCLE AND TEN HALF-CROWNS FOR CLEVER "CENTRES."

NO ENTRANCE FEE.

Our "Centres" have proved very popular with our readers, and this week we award further prizes for this Competition. For the best "Centre" we shall give a high-class bicycle, and shall also present consolation prizes of half a crown to each of the ten readers whose "Centres" come next in merit.

The phrase from which you must form your "Centre" is "Sailors' Sweethearts."

If you examine these two words, you will find that the centre letters are "L" and "H" respectively. Now, we want you to form a phrase of two words beginning with "L" and "H" respectively, and bearing some relation in meaning to the phrase given.

The two words may be humorous, serious, or pathetic, whichever you like. For example, your "Centre" might be "Look Happy," but don't use that one, for it is only an example.

Write your "Centre" on the coupon for our 2nd "Centres" Competition appearing on page 596, and forward it to "Centres," THE MODERN MAN Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London, to reach us not later than the first post on Tuesday, February 13. The result will appear in our issue published on Monday, February 19.

Send as many attempts as you like, but each must be written on a separate coupon.

No correspondence can be entered into regarding this Competition.

The Editor's decision is final and binding in every respect, and competitors may enter only on that understanding.

OUR "DOUBLES" COMPETITION RESULT.

The phrase set in our "Doubles" Competition was "Territorial Recruits." For his phrase "Tan Raisers," the bicycle offered in that Competition has been awarded to Mr. F. Rhodes, 105, Henderson Street, Levenshulme.

Consolation prizes of half a crown each have been sent to the following, whose "Doubles" come next in merit: Messrs. G. F. SMITH, 114, Clarendon Street, Hull; C. TAYLOR, 72, Glenthorne Road, Hammersmith, London, W.; J. W. SAXTON, 129, Forster Street, Radford, Nottingham; C. J. ROBERTSON, 57, Prole Street, Wolverhampton; H. CHAPMAN, 75, White Abbey Road, Bradford; P. A. JONES, 34, Coton View, Marston Road, Stafford; F. R. DAVIS, Fuchsia Cot, Cepr Mawr, Ruabon; BERT WEST, High Street, Somercotes, Alfreton; J. BROWN, 110, Montgomery Street, Edinburgh; A. G. PILLER, 4, Lansdowne Terrace, Alphington Road, Exeter.

HOW TO WIN AT WHIPPET RACING

PRACTICAL TIPS ON CHOOSING, TRAINING, AND RACING A DOG.

The first step towards winning a decent handicap at any running ground is, of course, the possession of a well-bred racing whippet. The novice who takes up the fascinating pastime of dog-racing must first procure a whippet; and if, as is usual and advisable, he is to keep, walk and train the animal himself, he had better buy a puppy.

The one he should select should be by parents whom he *knows* to have done well on the track. He must not rely on hearsay, nor can he trust to paper pedigrees. By frequenting the various grounds he can see these performers, get acquainted with their owners, and when a litter is whelped to one of them, go and inspect it himself and pick his puppy.

HOW TO CHOOSE A PUPPY.

This he should do when they are a week old. There is a simple rule-of-thumb method of judging week-old puppies, of which many men are ignorant, but which I have never known to fail. Pick up the whelp gently by the tail, and if when this is done the puppy brings his forefeet well over his head, the purchaser may be certain that, whatever else he turns out in the future, he will at any rate be fast, and speed is, of course, the chief requisite in a whippet that is to distinguish itself on the track.

Having selected in this way a fast dog or bitch—and although the latter are often the speediest they are very much more troublesome to rear and train than the former, so that the novice were well-advised to begin with a dog—he should take it home as soon as it is weaned, and keep it in the house.

Here he should give it a box full of clean straw in one of the living-rooms, keep it strictly in its place without undue harshness, and never allow it to lie about on chairs or sofas, or beside the fire, or it will get soft and require more preparation when the time comes, besides being more susceptible to chills and disease.

NO REASON FOR DISTEMPER.

Whippets are somewhat delicate by nature and require more care in the rearing than many other breeds kept about a house. There is no real reason why they should have distemper; and scrupulous cleanliness in their surroundings and in their food, with a judicious dietary, regular meals, and regular exercise, should go far to guard against this preventible disease. As they should never be permitted from infancy to mix with strange dogs, they should run little risk of acquiring it by contagion.

After weaning, the stage of a whippet's life is termed "walking." Porridge and milk—goat's milk, if it can be got; if cow's milk, it must be well boiled—will start him well; and broth should follow closely, and meat must not be too long delayed. This may be given in the form of table-scraps, containing vegetables well boiled and mashed, particularly onions and parsnips.

WHIPPETS AS SCAVENGERS.

As soon as the puppy is well grown he should be fitted with a "box muzzle," made of perforated leather, which he should always wear when taken out, or he will be continually picking up carrion. The whippet is a terrible scavenger, and great care should be taken at home that no refuse of any sort should be accessible to him. Ash-pits, especially, should be kept covered, and if there is a pig's bucket it should be locked up where he cannot get at it.

A "sheet" or coat is also essential—a smart one for wear out-of-doors, and a thin one or "kennel coat" to be put on in wintertime at night. A waterproof sheet may be worn over the outdoor clothing on wet days.

When at walk the preliminary stages of training are commenced; indeed they can hardly be begun too soon. The whippet has to be taught to run to a "rag" or piece of cloth, and this part of his education may be inculcated very early in his career. All puppies will worry a rag, and no trouble will be experienced in this respect. When he is big enough he should be held by someone, and his master should run a few yards waving the "rag" and induce him to follow, seize, and hang on to it.

He must also be accustomed to the various noises which he will hear but have to disregard at a race-meeting—the shouting of the crowds, blowing of whistles, firing of the starting-pistol, and so forth—so that these will not distract his attention when he is a competitor. The best way to do this is to take him in a lead, sheeted and muzzled, to an occasional meeting from time to time.

He should, of course, never be allowed to get fat, and should be watched for symptoms of worms, which should be promptly expelled by means of good worm pills. Otherwise drugs should be carefully avoided.

NOT ON THE PAVEMENT.

Too much walking exercise makes whippets slow, and they should not be walked on the pavement, as it leads to broken toe-nails and other foot trouble. A gallop on level turf is the form of exercise that suits them best.

As with greyhounds, when the whippet is in strict training the best of food is not too good. Sheep's head broth poured over very stale brown bread is the staple food, and for dogs below par new-laid eggs may be beaten up with this. Well-boiled beef, or beef roasted in a Dutch oven (not too well done) follows. Onions and parsnips should be given once or twice a week.

When the race-day is approaching, a slice out of a leg of best mutton, stewed, with vegetables, and an egg beaten into it, should bring him into the top of his form.

Whippets should be fed at five o'clock every day; and, if to be exercised in the morning, should be given an egg beaten up with toast-sippets. An occasional bone that he cannot splinter will be good for him.

CANINE PICK-ME-UPS.

A dog so bred, walked, and trained, should be able to give a good account of himself in his first handicap. After running his heat, give him a teaspoonful of cod-liver oil to put his lungs right, and after he has been well rubbed down, the yolk of a bantam's egg to keep him going. Stimulants should not be given, but if he gets into the last heat, and has a chance of winning, and seems getting to the bottom of his strength, half a glass of champagne ten minutes before the final will probably do the trick.

Not every whippet entered in a handicap may be meant to win, it is to be feared. It is always possible that some dishonest owner, dissatisfied with his handicap, wants his dog to lose a particular heat in order to have a better chance next time. I once caught a pitman outside the Portobello grounds, near Edinburgh, stuffing his dog with suet-pudding behind a fence, with this unsporting object in view; but the management of a race-ground is very severe on misconduct of this sort, and will warn both man and dog off the track for the future if it be reported to the authorities.

CHARLES MCNEIL.

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RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by our

PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

MIND AND MATTER.

HOPE AND THE PHYSICAL CULTURIST

The chief difference between the modern teacher of physical culture and the old gymnastic instructor is that the former understands the important part which the mind plays in the development of the muscles; the gymnastic instructor in too many cases thought that everything depended on the exercises he made his pupils perform—hence his very poor percentage of well-developed men. In fact, in the old days the only men who benefited much by a course of gymnastics were the men who were naturally of an athletic physique. Now, however, even the weakling can be made strong, because the method of teaching him is more scientific.

That much is realised. Most pupils know that it is essential that they should concentrate the mind upon the muscles which they are exercising, but few fully understand that there is a wider aspect of mentality which has an influence of the strongest kind upon the muscular development.

This is what might be called the frame of mind in which the pupil performs his exercises. It must be essentially hopeful. He must realise that his exercises are going to do him good, and going to make his muscles grow. It must not be a weak, ill-founded hope, but a strong and reasonable belief, and he must look for every opportunity to encourage it. He must measure himself constantly and examine his muscles in the looking-glass. If they have increased ever so little, it will show him that he is making progress, and with the feeling of success he will go ahead still better.

The man who takes up physical culture in a doubting, half-hearted way, will never do much good at it. You must be enthusiastic, and the improvement to your health and the increased pride which you will have in your body will be ample reward for your enthusiasm.

FOREARMS AND CHEST MUSCLES.

(1). Stand at attention.

(2). Raise the hands quickly, and by the shortest way, and place them behind the head as shown in the illustration, the tips of the fingers just touching. Keep the chest well raised, the elbows pressed well back, and the head erect.

(3). Bring the hands back smartly to the sides by the shortest way.

There seems nothing in this exercise till you try it, but there is nothing in it unless you follow the instructions exactly, and do both movements *by the shortest way*. If you swing your arms up loosely from your sides, the exercise will do you no good. When raising the hands and lowering them, endeavour to keep the tips of the fingers as near to the body as you can, both in ascending and descending.

Keep the chest well braced.

This exercise has a wonderfully good effect on the muscles of the forearms, and also on the muscles in front of the shoulders.

It may be repeated safely as many times as you like, for no strain is involved upon the heart. In fact, some of those athletes who have made this one of their exercises repeat it as many as a hundred

"Yes, my boy, I'd get Arthur Girvan to make me as tall as he's made you—if only I were under forty!"

If you are under forty, I can increase your height by from two to three inches by perfectly natural and scientific means; no appliances required. Write for particulars.

ARTHUR GIRVAN,

Specialist in the . .

Increase of Height,

(Dept. MM.), 17, Stroud Green Road, London, N.

The MAXICK-SALDO Weight-Lifting Course is absolutely the most up-to-date thing in the Weight-lifting World

It is composed of a set of the most perfect Charts that good photographs, good paper, and good printing, allied to a perfect knowledge of the subject, can produce. There is an analysis of all known lifts, illustrated in all positions; first, intermediate, and final, by beautiful photographs. As an example, four positions are shown in such a simple lift as the "Swing," and this does not include the erect posture at the finish of the lift. The positions for the "Snatch" are snapshots taken of Soguel, who holds the World's Record for this lift at his weight, and are the most remarkable photographs extant. The other lifts are by Messrs. Maxick and Saldo. A unique and original "Weight Practice Table," as used by winners in recent championships is also included. The measurements and build of the Bars used in these championships are listed, and the correct bend or camper for different Bars explained. Secrets about weight reduction without resultant loss of strength will be found. In short, everything that is known about Weight-lifting will be found therein.

Why we are qualified to teach you Weight-lifting better than anybody else! *Because*—

We backed and trained Aston in his contest with Inch for the Title of Britain's Strongest Man, and although Aston was stones lighter than Inch, he had a walk over, beating his opponent by nearly 50lbs. We trained Soguel against Carquest (Inch's Pupil), when the former annexed the Title of 9st 7lbs. Weight-lifting Champion of the World by defeating Carquest. We trained Broom, of Hull, when he established the World's Junior Bent-Press Record of 209½lbs. Single-handed Press. We trained Witty for his marvellous feat of Jerking more than double his own body-weight in two hands.

Maxick himself has failed to get a match with Inch, although he even offered the latter a match at catch-weights.

MAXICK has performed the following marvellous Lifts before members of the B.W.L.A. Committee in England. Maxick's weight at the time was 10st. 7lbs.:—Two-handed Jerk, 332½lbs.; Two-hands Clean, 272½lbs.; Two-hands Press, 254lbs.; One-hand Jerk, 232lbs.; One-hand Snatch, 162½lbs.

MONTE SALDO performed the following wonderful Lifts whilst weighing no more than 10st. 7lbs.:—Left-hand Clean, 202½lbs.; Left-hand Snatch, 154lbs.; Right-hand Clean, 214lbs.

To make this Course well-known, we make you the following remarkable offer:—If you send a Postal Order for 5s. 9d. we will dispatch our full Weight-lifting Course per return, with the Charts carefully packed and *Unfolded*.

MAXICK & SALDO,

ETON HOUSE, ETON AVENUE, N. FINCHLEY, LONDON, N.

times at a stretch. It should be performed very quickly and smartly. Boxers will find it a very useul means of bringing up the muscles that make for hard hitting.

HOW TO GROW TALL

We are constantly receiving inquiries from readers as to the best means of increasing their height, and from time to time we have suggested various stretching exercises, but as the subject is one which does not appeal to all readers, we have not seen our way to devote the necessary space to dealing fully with it.

We should advise all readers who desire to add a few inches to their height to place themselves in the hands of Mr. Arthur Girvan. We have examined his course of lessons, and find them to be thoroughly scientific and excellent in every way.

There are many who are debarred from joining the military and police forces, or from obtaining employment in other directions, because they are not quite tall enough. To all such Mr. Girvan's system will come as a boon and a blessing.

PHYSICAL CULTURE ANSWERS.

E. E. R. (Weston-super-Mare).—It is sheer folly to persist in a cold bath if, as you say, you come out of it on every occasion blue to the lips. A cold bath should never be taken unless there is a marked and comfortable feeling of reaction.

C. G. (Guildford).—For cross-country work in these evenings you had better wear a woollen sweater; it will prevent any danger of catching a chill.

F. H. L. (Southampton).—Cycling and swimming will not make you slower at boxing. In fact, they are both very good means of training for work with the gloves.

"AMATEUR" (Birmingham).—You will not learn fencing satisfactorily from a book. Get one of the local sergeant-instructors to give you a few lessons. You can arrange this with him privately, even though you are not in the Territorials.

E. S. (Manchester).—We agree with you that a man walks many miles during an evening at billiards, but we can hardly agree with you in saying that such exercise is as good as an outdoor sport, for the air that is breathed in a billiard saloon is not usually of the purest.

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The worth of the pen - - 10/6

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A pocket clip to fix the pen securely in the vest pocket is presented absolutely free.

HOW TO SECURE ONE OF THESE PENS.

On page 586 you will find a Pen Coupon. Cut this out, and collect 11 further Pen Coupons, either by purchasing additional copies of the paper or by getting the Coupons from friends who are already readers.

If you buy extra copies from which to cut the Coupons, it is understood that you will give the copies to those whom you think likely to become regular readers.

When you have collected your 12 Pen Coupons, send them along with a Postal Order for 1s. to "Fountain Pen," THE MODERN MAN Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London, and your pen will immediately be sent to you.

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BOXING FOR BEGINNERS

STORIES FROM AN INSTRUCTOR'S EXPERIENCE.

Though, I am glad to say, most Englishmen take kindly to boxing, and boxing, in a sense, takes kindly to them, still I cannot truthfully say that during my not inconsiderable experience as an instructor I have invariably met with the most pleasing type of pupil. Some have been ideal, but others have not.

Mind you, I like a man who comes to me and says candidly that he knows nothing about boxing and is not over-strong, but wants to see if he has anything in him.

SHOWING OFF.

A type of man, on the other hand, whom I dislike intensely is the sort of chap who called on me with a friend for a lesson not long ago. He was one of the kind who think it clever to pretend to be novices, and then, when the instructor is doing his best to make things easy and clear to them, suddenly hit him hard in the mouth.

Well, the man in question was a strong, big chap, and when I put him into position he stumbled about, pretending to be quite inexperienced. Even then I could see he was "kidding," but I said nothing. However, just as I was standing easy, watching him leading off with his left, and entirely unsuspecting his subsequent action, he suddenly lashed out at me with a thumping right-hand punch, which, as I was not expecting it, all but floored me. I said nothing about this dirty trick, but saying that his leading was not quite in form, I told him to watch me. Thereupon I set about mildly, giving him some lovely lefts and rights, which, though they did no real damage, must have made his head sing for a day or two.

CURING A FAULT.

He never came back, and I'll bet he hasn't played that trick on a boxing instructor since.

Quite the opposite of this man was another pupil of mine, whom I turned from a feeble performer into a good-class amateur. He was very painstaking, but he had that ingrained fault of the beginner, a tendency to turn the left toe inwards. One day I cured him of this.

As he led off at my head, I simply raised my *left* arm to guard, and as soon as it met his advancing left I pressed on it with all the weight of my body, giving his arm a turn outwards at the same time. His toe was turned in, and he spun round like a top, exposing all the ribs on one side to me. I gave him a light right-hander on them, and he went down—quite gently—but with a sufficient lack of dignity to realise the wrongness of turning the advancing toe inwards.

Some youngsters seem to think that a boxing professor can make a man a Tommy Burns from a raw beginner in one lesson. At any rate, one undergraduate at a University town, where I happened to be staying for a week or two, thought so.

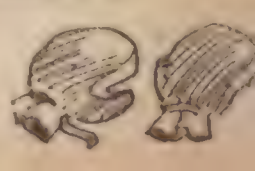
REPELLING THE RAGGERS.

"There's going to be a rag in my rooms to-night, so I've just heard," he explained, "and I've come to ask if you'd give me a lesson so that I can knock the other chaps about?"

I duly impressed on him the fact that more in boxing than in anything else a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. One lesson alone would be enough to make him lose any natural idea he might have of defending himself, and would be quite insufficient to do him good in any other respect. Then he hit on a better plan, and invited me to his rooms as a guest. So I went, and had a great time assisting him, with much minor bloodshed, to repel the invaders.

A Hindoo pupil whom I once taught was rather amusingly taken in at first by quick leading. A smart boxer can jump in from yards away, give you a quick hit and get back again. Well, in a practice bout, I did this to my dusky friend, and accidentally stunned him. He grumbled when he came to that he hadn't bargained to be hit with a long stick. This idea had been caused by my quickness in "coming in."

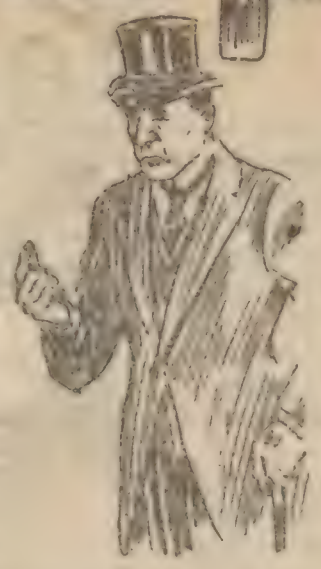
"GLADIATOR."



A TALE OF THE WILD WEST-END.

JELLICOE'S "JAMES"

By CHARLES STEPHEN.



"Paper, sir? Three-thirty winner and prices?" The rubicund and ever-optimistic purveyor of "fourth editions" and "six-thirties," whose pitch was outside Blucher's Bar in the Haymarket, poked his head into the latter establishment and looked round hopefully. His weather-beaten cloth-cap disappeared with surprising swiftness when he became aware that the sole occupant of the bar, for the moment, was Mr. Egmont Alastair Jellicoe, whose gaze alternated uneasily between a pair of highly-polished patent boots and an empty tankard on the table in front of him.

As the newspaper-seller had, only that morning, earned a sixpenny bit from Egmont Alastair for having deposited a pair of Egmont's sleeve-links in the custody of a neighbouring pawnbroker, whereby Egmont became temporarily richer to the extent of two shillings and sixpence, he hardly felt justified in importuning his benefactor for further custom. What is more, the fact of the tankard being empty told him that Jellicoe's pocket suffered from a similar disorder.

Jellicoe stretched out a listless hand for a three-weeks-old "Sketch" that reposed on the empty welsh rarebit-heater on the counter. His eye wandered dully for the Nth time that day over Miss Belle Bareleg's latest testimonial to Somebody's Scent, just as the imposing form of Mr. Herbert Trevelyan appeared through the swing-doors.

There was a lot of Mr. Trevelyan. His Homburg hat was perched on a head that, in keeping with a six-foot-two stature, was large and massive; and his shoes shone resplendently, and his double-breasted dove-coloured waistcoat would have been truly magnificent had not one or two brownish stains, which to the expert eye betrayed spilled Guinnesses, spoiled it for true beauty.

"Hallo, Jelly," said Mr. Trevelyan. "How's the game?"

"Rotten," said Mr. Jellicoe. "Haven't seen a dam soul. Don't know where they can have got to, either. By the way"—he looked wistfully at the brimming glass of stout that the barmaid was handing to the other—"will it run to two'penn'orth, Trevvy?"

Mr. Trevelyan, who, previous to his entrance, had carefully secreted all his loose money with the exception of a sixpence in the top breast-pocket of the afore-mentioned waistcoat, produced three pennies gloomily from his trouser-pocket.

"Sorry, old man, but it can't be done," he said. "I only had a tanner on me when I came in, an' this is the change. You could have it like a shot, only I've got to go to Highgate to play some fool a game of snooker, an' I want it for my fare. I'm bound to win this game, otherwise I shouldn't be playin' it, and as there's a fiver on it you can have a bit later on if you want it."

"Ta, old man," said Egmont Alastair.

"Got a cigarette, Jelly?" was the other's next utterance. Mr. Jellicoe dived into his inner coat-pocket for a cigarette-case, which he opened and disclosed empty. He knew it would be, because he always kept it so, for reasons good. A packet containing seven unsmoked Gold Flakes was secreted elsewhere on his person, but of these he said nothing.

His eye, which had been fishlike in its gloom, suddenly brightened with hope as a figure darkened the opaque glass of the door. "Who's this coming in?" he muttered.

Trevelyan craned forward excitedly in his seat. "A mug," he whispered into Jellicoe's ear. "I've met him before, and I'll introduce you. I've no time to wangle him myself, but *you* can, so long as I'm on halves for the intro."

"Right," said Jelly, and relapsed into silence, as a short, stocky man with a bushy moustache waxed into long points and with a general air of blatant bounderishness, came up and shook hands with Trevelyan. The latter drew forward the shyly retiring Jellicoe, to introduce him to the newcomer, and soon all three were imbibing beer at that gentleman's expense.

"Here's luck, Wickham," said Trevelyan, raising his glass, and the wish was echoed only a little less familiarly by Jellicoe, who lifted his tankard with an engaging smile.

"Hooray, boys," was Mr. Wickham's acknowledgment.

His hand, which rested in the pocket of his trousers, was jingling an evidently considerable number of gold coins therein; and the glances that passed between his two companions were significant that he was asking for trouble. Mr. Trevelyan, with a careless excuse to the effect that he must be in the City before the banks closed, sauntered out.

Mr. Jellicoe felt that the moment had come. He engaged the other in an animated conversation. It began with the prospects of the horses in the next day's big race, and passed by easy stages to the big cheque that he (Mr. Jellicoe) was to receive from his bookmaker on the morrow. The other's eyes opened, and Egmont Alastair struck while the iron was hot.

"But the dooce of it is, I'm so infern'lly broke *to-day*," he complained, in a carefully-studied drawl. "D'you know, I hate to do such a thing—especially on so short an acquaintance—but you look such a thund'rin' good feller, that I'm hanged if I won't risk it. . . . . " He smiled engagingly, and then proceeded with easy confidence. "My very dear chap, I should be most tremendously obliged if you could lend me the festive James—a Jimmy o' Goblin, ha! ha!—until I get my bookie's cheque to-morrow. I'll give you my card and an I.O.U., if you *like*. . . . . "

"Don't bother about them," said the other, heartily. "Here you are," diving into his pocket. "Don't say a word about it."

Their hands met, and Mr. Jellicoe bestowed gleefully in a safe place a coin which he recognised by the "feel" as a sovereign.

"What a mug he is!" was his internal comment; and he cheerfully spent a sixpence, which he had hitherto carefully hoarded, on two drinks.

* * * * * * *

Half an hour later Mr. Jellicoe, having left his friends, sat down in a quiet, old-world chop-house in Glasshouse Street, and ordered a substantial meal—a steak, potatoes, greens, cheese and celery, a foaming tankard of beer, and all manner of good things. He felt he deserved them.

As the savour of the grilling steak came gratefully to his nostrils his thoughts turned sweetly to the sovereign in his pocket. As is the custom among gentry of his kind, he would, he thought, expectorate on it as an offering to Fortune.

He pulled it out and—swore, silently but with great ferocity.

Luckily for him he was near the door. Grabbing his hat and stick he ran, and was in the crowd in Piccadilly before his exit was noticed.

Then, before retracing his steps to the Blucher Arms, he cast bitterly under the wheels of a passing taxi a Coronation medal.

A NEAT CATCH.

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THE REASON WHY.

The benevolent old gentleman, in his gentle stroll along the peaceful river-bank, happened upon a charming sight. Patiently seated on the grass, a lad of tender years held out a rod over the waters, while at his side a little dog looked up at him with mournful eyes, as if sympathising because he had caught nothing.

"Pretty little dog," said the old gentleman.

"Yes," replied the youth dismally, "'e is pretty."

"What is his name?" went on the other.

"Fish," said the boy, tersely; and the old gentleman looked surprised.

"Why on earth do you call him 'Fish'?" he asked.

"Because 'e won't bite," said the luckless angler; and threw out his line again.

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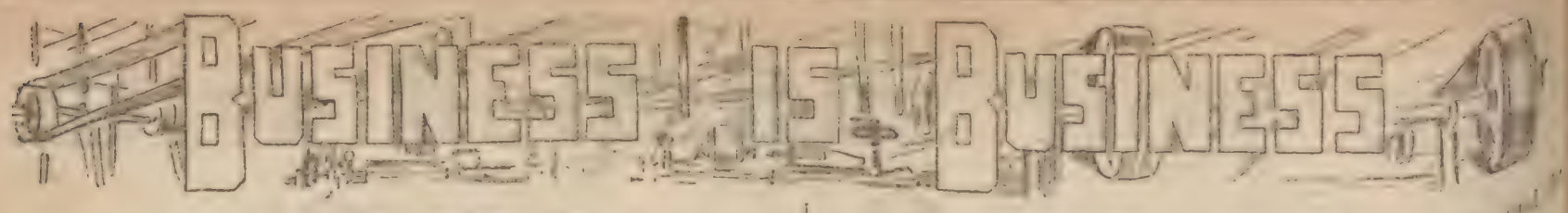

FINDING FAULT.

A MATTER THAT LEADS TO OFFICE FRICTION.

A man who prides himself—and quite justifiably—on the excellence of his office arrangements said to me the other day that he preferred that his clerks should be married rather than single men.

When I asked for a reason for this preference, he said that married men were not so ready to take offence when fault was found with them.

Then we had an argument. I, as an independent, unbiassed outsider, held that half the fault-finding was in reality only the expression of a different opinion on the part of the employer.

I am the last to deny that the man who pays the piper should be allowed to call the tune; but, on the other hand, when no specific tune is called by him, the man who plays a tune of his own should not be found fault with.

An employee in a business house does certain work in a certain way. The custom of the office, in this respect, has never been pointed out to him; or there may be no custom at all. It may simply happen that the clerk's way is not the way his employer cares about; and very often, as a consequence, poor Mr. Clerk is hauled over the coals.

It seems very unfair that the clerk's method—which may be just as efficient as the employer's method—should be considered a blameworthy fault because the employer does not care about it.

But there is much of this readiness to find fault over such differences of opinion as these. The married employee may have a much greater responsibility on his shoulders, but it seems hardly a noble sentiment on the part of the employer that he should regard the married man as an object to kick without the danger of a kick back, or, at least, a word in his own defence.

The breach between employer and employed is large enough in these business days; but such a habit of fault-finding, which is palpably unjust, can only widen it.

F. B. Dillon.

FINANCE.

(In this section we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—Editor.)

The miscellaneous market is the most active on the Stock Exchange at the present moment.

Marconis at 4⅛ bid are at the highest price yet touched, and Bus stock at 232 to 234 is buying ahead again.

The recently formed Argentine Tobacco Company is reported to be doing very well, and the shares have moved up in consequence, the Preference shares being 4s. 6d. premium, and the £1 Deferred shares, which are entitled to 25 per cent. of the surplus profits, are quoted at 4s. 9d. "all in." Small investors ought to buy some of the latter, as there is no liability beyond the quotation, and knowledgeable people have recently been buying heavily.

Home Rails are strong on the better coal strike news, and the outlook is still very promising, and the majority of dividends give excellent returns to the investor, independent of the likely improvement in capital value.

Mexican Rails are a good market, and those who ought to know are talking the ordinary stock to a much higher price than the present.

Canadian Pacifics have fallen during the week, and are still very high.

Trunks have shown no improvement; but their turn will come.

Americans are generally lower, and I still think the tendency is downwards; but, of course, we shall have "see-saw" movements, and the speculator who is lucky enough to hit the market right can make profits both ways half a dozen times during the account.

Kaffirs are lower again and quite hopeless. Rhodesians, I am warned, are likely to go better; but I have not much faith in them.

West Africans are seldom mentioned nowadays, and the outlook in this market is not particularly hopeful.

Camp Birds are a trifle easier. The dividend of 2s. per share recently declared will be paid on the 12th February.

FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

O. S. (Glasgow).—Quite safe and suitable for your purpose.

H. A. (Cork).—Will not be quoted ex-dividend until the end of February account day.

H. H. (Chapel Park).—Redeemable at par on one month's notice by Parliament, but not less than £14,000,000 can be redeemed at one time.

K. F. (Sligo).—Much too speculative for a person of small means, and there is still a liability of 7s. 6d. per share.

F. B. (Leeds).—(a) I do not think so; (b) quite so; (c) I do not advise the exchange.

G. E. (Shoeburyness).—The demand is quite in order; you sold the shares cum-dividend, and must hand it over to the buyer.

T. D. (Yeovil).—I like No. 3 the best out of your list, being the least speculative.

The Financial Editor.

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Snapshotting Animals

SPORT FOR READERS INTERESTED IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

All living creatures that are to be photographed must be taken instantaneously, time exposures—unless, perhaps, in the case of sleeping dogs or other animals—being impracticable.

There are, further, two methods of approaching the subject of which it is intended to make a picture. The first is to find the bird or animal, insect or reptile, in its native haunts and to snapshot it there. The second is to capture the living specimen, confine it in some convenient receptacle, and photograph it so.

The first method is, perhaps, the more sporting; although the chances of getting a fair percentage of successful photos are not so numerous. Usually, with wild creatures in their natural surroundings, the artist will get no more than one opportunity of snapping them. The inevitable click of the shutter will send them away directly the first exposure has been made, even if one succeeds in obtaining that.

By the second method one or even several failures may be redeemed by patience and perseverance. The animal alarmed upon one occasion may be quieted by the lapse of time, and a second or any number of attempts to take it may be made until success shall reward the operator.

EXPENSIVE OUTFITS.

The nature photographers who adopt the first method, and have made a reputation for this class of work, use, of course, very expensive cameras, lenses, and apparatus generally; elaborate disguises, such as tree-trunks, skins of cows, and so forth being employed to aid them in approaching their victims unsuspected.

These extra expenses are not necessary for the second method, where a glass tank or a packing-case for confining the living creatures to be photographed is the chief accessory; although, of course, the expensive cameras and lenses may equally be employed by those to whom money is not an object of much moment.

But by mixing these two methods, and adding the knowledge of woodcraft and the natural habits of wild creatures, which go to the making of a sportsman, to the qualities of patience and skill, it is quite possible for the amateur to achieve notable results with an ordinary cheap film camera.

WINTER OPPORTUNITIES.

For this purpose sunny days are necessary, and for this and other reasons the principal work will be done in spring and summer, though the middle parts of bright winter days, especially when snow is lying on the ground, will often prove productive of good negatives, especially as both birds and animals are frequently more approachable in severe weather.

The naturalist who is bent on photographing wild animals in their own haunts with a film camera should always have his camera charged and with him if he is to avail himself of all the chances that may occur.

To give the beginner detailed directions as to his method of procedure would occupy many columns of space; but three practical experiences will serve to help him as well and more entertainingly.

With an ordinary ten-shilling Brownie No. 2 Kodak, supplemented by an eighteen-penny portrait lens, I have succeeded in obtaining many satisfactory pictures of wild creatures.

SNAPPING A RUNNING HARE.

Once in Ireland I was watching some harriers hunting, and noticed that the hare jumped the low stone walls in front of hounds. Now a hunted hare never sees anything in front of her provided it does not move, and, placing my camera on the top of a stone wall, towards which she was running, I remained perfectly motionless until she jumped on the wall—by good luck at just the right distance from the camera to focus properly. She paused an almost imperceptible fraction of time before jumping off; just long enough for my finger to release the shutter, and went on without heeding me, leaving a capital portrait on the film.

On another occasion I was speaking to a farmer's wife at the door of a tumbledown house on a Buckinghamshire estate, when she mentioned that her cellar was full of newts, in proof of which she went down and picked up half a dozen of those quaint reptiles, which she pushed through the window. I quickly placed them on a sloping stone hard by, where the sudden transition from darkness to the bright sunshine kept them still for long enough to enable me to obtain three excellent exposures.

Perhaps the luckiest snapshot I was ever fortunate enough to obtain was in the New Forest, where I found two newly-fledged woodcocks in a quiet glade near Minstead. I was able easily to capture them, place them on a piece of bare earth, and get capital photographs of them both, together and separately, with the portrait lens.

The mother-bird was flying about in great alarm all the time; so I placed the birds close to a holly bush, into which I crawled, and where I lay, camera in readiness, and perfectly motionless, for nearly twenty minutes. At the end of that time the birds had forgotten my presence, and, as I had anticipated, the old bird swooped down and, picking up one of the young, flew off with it into the recesses of the forest.

CLOUD TROUBLES.

Unfortunately, as the camera clicked a cloud passed over the sun, which, however, shone out again a moment afterwards. So I waited, after rolling a fresh film into position, for the return of the old bird. This time she approached on noiseless wing from behind me, and another cloud was dimming the sun, so that, although I made the exposure and obtained a picture, it was not a very clear one.

It was disappointing, for had the sun shone as brightly as it had a moment before, the picture would have been unique. But these "chances of a lifetime," even when lost, add immensely to the sporting aspect of snapshotting living creatures in their natural surroundings.

CREATURES OF THE NIGHT.

Of course, with animals which do not show out until towards evening—when, even in the summer-time, it is too late to snap them successfully—the second method must be pursued, and the creature captured and confined.

Many wild creatures—birds on their nests, hares, and rabbits in their burrows, dormice, voles, and others—will remain still long enough to be snapshotted if the photographer will remember not to look at them directly, but only through the finder of the camera.

C. H. BAKER.

The habit of taking Mustard regularly at meals

is a sign of virile young manhood. There isn't much the matter, or likely to be, with the young fellow who whets his appetite and keeps his digestion with the liberal use of

COLMAN'S

D. S. F. **mustard**

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required, a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

T. A. (Stretford).—It would be quite correct to wear a vest slip with a black bow-tie, a wing collar, and a dark-blue suit, but it would not be correct if the suit were of rough tweed.

C. L. (Glasgow).—We agree that a match between the champion English and Scottish schools at Rugby would be very interesting. So far as we know, Rossall is the only English school that ever tries conclusions with their friends over the Border.

"FORM" (Twickenham).—In sending a letter of condolence it is not absolutely necessary to use black-edged paper, though it is correct to do so. On no account, however, should you write a letter of condolence on coloured paper. If using mourning paper, quarter edging is sufficient, unless the deceased is a near relative.

R. F. (Scarborough).—We do not know the exact amount, but we believe it costs the best part of a thousand pounds to become a member of the Stock Exchange, unless you start as an "authorised clerk," in which case a reduction is made in the fees payable.

A. G. R. (Swansea).—We believe that Sir George Alexander counts himself a Scotsman, though he was born at Reading.

BRIGHTON.—The Brighton and Hove members of THE MODERN MAN League will hold a Whist Drive in aid of the Royal Sussex County Hospital, at the South Coast Creamery, King's Road (opposite West Pier), on Wednesday, Feb. 14, at 7.30. Tickets, including refreshments, cost 1s. 6d., and can be had from Mr. G. Lord, 86, Shaftesbury Road, Brighton.

H. V. H. (Cambridge).—Various hosiers sell collars made on the lines you suggest. You could not claim the idea as an invention, because it has long been anticipated.

"YORKSHIREMAN" (Bootle).—The headquarters of the Denbighshire Hussars are at Denbigh. We believe they are under strength, but you could easily ascertain by writing.

J. B. (Enfield).—"Leading from a Singleton" at cards means leading from a suit of which you hold only one with the intention of trumping the next time the suit is led. It is a desperate resource, and, as a rule, bad play, for unless your partner is strong in that suit and also in trumps, your opponents will quickly make hay of you. Much better stick to rule of starting with longest suit.

R. R. (Hersham).—If a player at billiards plays with the wrong ball, and, the mistake not being noticed, continues to score, he is entitled to all points made up to the time the error is detected. If he finishes his break without the foul being claimed, and his opponent then makes a stroke, no claim for wrong ball can afterwards be made.

J. D. (Selkirk).—We can only advise you to keep your breath to cool your parritch.

"CURIOUS" (Ealing).—An Army bandmaster receives from 5s. to 6s. 8d. a day, plus an allowance of £10 a year from the Band Fund. The only way to become one is to enlist in the ranks.

K. G. A. (Glasgow).—The quaint little private menagerie still exists in the upper floor of the Central Avenue of Covent Garden Market. Many well-known society people keep strange pets there, such as rare toads, ichneumons, and snakes.

"LEAGUER" (Godalming).—Do not have your overcoat for Canada lined with leather unless you are going to do a great deal of motoring. Good wool lining will be quite warm enough.

J. R. K. (Leicester).—The football rule in the Royal Navy is that an officer or man shall not play for a civilian team if required to represent a Service team or his ship—and a very good rule, too.

B. B. (Leeds).—"Swizzle" is West Indian and West African for a cocktail. It is a nice drink, but insidious.

A. K. (Chesterfield).—Stockbrokers are divided into brokers and jobbers, the latter acting as middlemen. That is, if you instruct a broker to buy or sell shares for you, he will not deal direct with another broker, but through a jobber.

J. S. (Woolwich).—If the dealer at whist or bridge faces or in any way exposes a card, the adversaries have the option of demanding a fresh deal or of letting him continue.

G. A. F. (Birmingham), **R. A.** (Bolton), **G. L.** (Averley), **H. E. P.** (Birmingham), **W. M.** (Regina), **J. H. McH.** (Glasgow), **A. W.** (Middlesbrough), **W. S. C.** (Stoke-on-Trent).—Best thanks.

SWINDLES.—(*Continued from page* 592).

He stepped back to the door and shouted up the stairs: "Hi, Lawrie! Here's another chap in again for the usual five days."

"It can't be Bellamy and Ivis yet," said a harum-scarum-looking man bustling into the room. "I bet you a bob it's old Boviss Plumm."

"You'd win that bet, sir," I put in. "Boviss Plumm it is."

"Right-o. Make yourself at home. I rather expect you before. It's a bit of a nuisance you've come this evening, because I've got a little spread on presently—but never mind. I say, though, you'll be beastly cold in here—there's no fire. Come up into the studio."

THE MAN IN POSSESSION.

Up into the studio at the top of the house I went. I never treated in a more hospitable spirit anywhere in my life, and never met a more jovial lot than the little company of artists who gathered there by-and-by.

After supper, pipes and grog—plenty of grog and much tobacco. Till about ten I thoroughly enjoyed myself. But I had drunk very cautiously, and my apparent state of intoxication as I rose to make a speech was all feigned.

In a maudlin voice I said how cruelly I felt my position. They all knew who I was—or what I was—and how I came to be there (hic-cup). What would they think of themselves if they were in my place? Mr. Lawrinsh Palli . . . finest . . . Palliorirum (cheers and laughter) was . . . the finest chap I'd ever met—a gen'leman in every sense of the word. If he'd . . . 'low me to shay sho (certainly—hear, hear). I loved him like a brother. Bovish Plumm be blowed. Who wash Bovish Plumm, I'd like to know? Also, the Court be blowed. I didn't care . . . shnap of the fingers for anybody. Let'sh make a l'il collection for our shick friend Lawrum Pallinsh. I'd go out of the house for two quids and damn the conshe . . . conshe . . . conshequenshes.

PASSING ROUND THE HAT.

I picked up the nearest hat, and tossed in the first sovereign myself. Fully primed with grog, and rioting in the humour of the situation, the boisterous, delighted company emptied their pockets—I verily believe literally, emptied them in many cases. The hat was quickly heavy with silver and coppers. When I counted all the coins they totalled several shillings over the two pounds I had stipulated for. And what a send-off I had!

I chose the best hat I could see—it was better than my own, any way, though not my shape—and pinched a fine knobbed malacca cane from the hall-stand as I went out.

I had played it low-down for a man of my ability, but I had scored. The stakes for the day were small, but I had won them, in two little games out of three.

[*Another of these revelations will be printed next week.*

EDITOR.]

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE

Membership of the League is open to all regular readers of this paper. There is no subscription nor do members undertake any other liability. The League, with its thousands of members, has been the means of bringing into touch many people with similar tastes and making friendships all over the world.

The wearing of the League badge gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The League badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following prices:

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Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Also write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

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Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

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Signature.....

Address.....

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THE HAPPINESS MERCHANT

A SKETCH.

By F. PROCTOR WATSON.

"I should like," said the peppery old gentleman, "to sweep all such scoundrels as you off the streets of London."

He waved aside the white-teethed grin of the son of the South and made some bitter remark about lazy beggars who tooled round with barrel organs.

He pegged on a couple of hundred yards and walked into his office, wherein he produced an atmosphere of gloom and misery in an incredibly short space of time.

But at the corner of the street a young man whose threadbare coat was turned up because he had not got on the collar that the conventions of his state of life demanded, stopped and stood on the curb tapping his foot and humming to the swing of the refrain.

"She can hear the bugles callin'
As the boys go marchin' by;
And her tears are gently fallin'
From her heart there comes a sigh.

"They will meet some day perhaps,
But mid the camp fires gleamin'
Lies a little boy called Taps."

That very tune had played the man on the curb along the streets of Southampton to the deck of the transport bound for Table Bay. As bad luck would have it, he had come out of the thick of it without a scratch. That tune had cheered him up when he saw the grey streets and the old hard times looming ahead again. Now it quickened his footsteps. He smiled and went on whistling.

In a window beneath which the organ was playing, a sturdy little chap was banging his fat hands on the panes in time with the music. He was permitted to run down and give a penny to the organ-man.

The organ-man gleamed, the whole street, drear under the winter sky, was moved to a warming, generous smile at this music and beneficence in a workaday world. The organ-man obliged with five more tunes for the money, lifted his hat courteously, said "good-a-bye" to the patron of music, and moved away.

No penny in London that day purchased more happiness for such a number of people.

And now he turned off the broad well-to-do way for another world, and in this other world there was only smoke and dirt and grime.

There the little boy called Taps did not lie amid the camp fires with such effect. He was not the true music as understood by the critical ears of this, the organ-grinder's own quarter of the city.

There the ever-welcome selection from "Il Trovatore" and the "Casta Diva" brought back the sun-country to the heart of Soho.

The organ-man played, and in the garish tenements some danced and laughed, because they were young, and music makes the young laugh. Some bowed their heads, and even the gay tune of the "Carnaval" brought only a tear of recollection for happier days long since gone—for they were old, and music brings just a sweet sadness to the old.

The organ-man got no pennies in this land, but sometimes he caught the sound of a "brava."

"LABBY" ON LIBEL.

A young editor once asked the late Mr. Henry Labouchere what was the secret of libelling a man without running undue risks.

"Never tell all you know," was "Labby's" reply. "Keep something up your sleeve. If he knows you have it there, he won't be anxious for further exposure, and if he doesn't know that you have something in reserve, and brings you into Court, you can spring it on him at the last moment."

"Labby" was always sagacious.

CHURCH BELLS AND DIGGINGS.

The nuisance and annoyance, to say nothing of the absolute exasperation, produced by the jangling of church bells on some sensitive and easily-irritated natures is well known. All great cities and towns are offenders in this respect and the suffering the bells cause is far in excess of any good they can possibly do to anybody.

It seems a barbarous custom, in a day when, admittedly, only a very small proportion of people go to church, that a whole town should have its teeth put on edge, its nerves strained, and its collective head set aching by church bells which are calling perhaps only two or three people out of every hundred to their worship.

Surely those who desire to go to church would be sufficiently interested to be there in time for the service without having the whole neighbourhood annoyed by tuneless, monotonous, sing-song, humdrum, clanging chimes, often in fierce opposition to one another, and making the most excruciating discords. The man who regards Sunday as a time when he may enjoy an extra hour or two of much-needed and well-earned rest must often anathematise the bells from his restless couch.

In choosing diggings it is always as well to try to find a house which is not beset by church, chapel, and mission-hall, each with its strident bell. There is much to be said for a well-conducted peal, but early morning is not the suitable time for this.

THE MAN OF MYSTERY

WHOM

THE WORLD

MARVELS AT.

Mr. SPENCER-WALLIS, admittedly the greatest Psychic of the day, is said to have over 12,000 adherents.

He will devote the next ten days to advising, FREE of charge, readers of the "Modern Man" interested in psychology.

All London is marvelling at a man whose miraculous penetration is such, that, given four or five lines of a person's ordinary handwriting, he seems to know that man or woman better than they do themselves. To-day he places his astounding gift at your disposal without exacting any fee, and if you bear in mind how absolutely vital it is for your

FATE, FORTUNE, FUTURE

that you should gain the wonderful knowledge of your hidden possibilities, you will avail yourself without delay of this generous offer made for the benefit of the "Modern Man" readers. Hundreds owe their happiness and success to Mr. Spencer-Wallis's advice and guidance, and he is constantly consulted by ladies and gentlemen in high society.

REMARKABLE EVIDENCE.

London, Oct. 1st, 1911.

Dear Mr. Wallis,—Thank you for your advice to hand. It has been very helpful to me. I study it carefully every day, and will try to live up to it. It just came at the time when I was sorely in need of advice. I see clearer every day, and cannot sufficiently express my thanks for the good I am receiving from your instructions.—I remain, yours sincerely, M. E. B.

Bolton, Sept. 26th, 1911.

Dear Mr. Wallis,—Yours to hand. Expressions fail me, but I can tell you, in my own simple way, I am a changed being.—Yours very truly, A. S.

A GENEROUS CONCESSION.

As a special favour to our readers, Mr. Spencer-Wallis has offered to forego his usual fee of 1 guinea, and help all those who consult him in answer to this article, free of charge. Those who can afford and wish to, may enclose five penny stamps to cover secretarial expenses. All you have to do is to send either Photograph or specimen of handwriting. Both if you wish. Just keep to your ordinary style of writing in order to ensure a true delineation. Address your application (fully signed), with addressed return envelope enclosed, and five penny stamps, to Mr. Spencer-Wallis, 14 Douglas Rooms, 31-32, Maiden Lane, London, W.C.

HIS LATEST WORK.

Apart from the free advice, Mr. Spencer-Wallis will present a complimentary copy of his latest work, the "Scientific Elimination of Failure," to all those who write to him within ten days. It must be strictly understood, however, that those who write later are not entitled to this additional present.

The Outer Man

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

COVENT GARDEN BALLS.

A correspondent asks if evening dress is necessary when going to a Covent Garden Ball. Certainly, if you wish to enter the ball-room.

If, however, you merely wish to look on, you can do so from the amphitheatre (admission five shillings), where you can wear what you like.

A dinner-jacket should not be worn at Covent Garden. It is not necessary to be introduced to a strange lady at a Covent Garden Ball before venturing to speak to her, but you must be guided by circumstances.

ULSTERS WANE.

This paragraph has nothing to do with the storm centre in Ireland, but merely refers to the waning popularity of the ulster overcoat.

At least, I think the ulster will not be much in evidence next winter in London or other great cities. It is doomed for town wear, and the Chesterfield or Melton will come into its own again, just as professional and business men are returning to black coats and silk hats.

At the same time, if you live out of town, and cannot afford both an ulster and a smart town coat, I recommend the former. The ulster may look a trifle out of place in town, but it is not nearly so incongruous as the velvet-collared Chesterfield in the country.

The ulster, indeed, came into favour through the growth of the week-end habit and the continued exodus for residential purposes from the big cities. Men got in the way of wearing it up and down in the train, but now the well-dressed man is beginning to keep his ulster for the country and travelling, and has a smart overcoat at his office for town wear.

A VISITING-CARD QUERY.

A correspondent asks whether, when leaving a card on a man at his club, he should write on it "Blank Dash, Esq." or "Mr. Blank Dash." The latter, please.

CALLING ON AN ARMY MESS.

A Territorial officer tells me that he would like to call on the officers of the Regular regiment in his neighbourhood, but is afraid of being snubbed.

"Supposing I do summon up courage to call," he adds, "should I wear a uniform, and if not, what sort of plain clothes would be suitable? When should I call, and what do I do about leaving visiting-cards?"

It would be a very snobbish regiment that would snub a man simply for being a Territorial.

Assuming my correspondent to be a decent sort, who does not, like *some* Territorial officers, go about trying to teach the Regular officer his business, he may reasonably rely not only on a courteous, but a cordial, welcome.

After all, the Territorial officer is now subject to military law at all times, and therefore has a military status which the Volunteer officer had not, and the Regulars are not usually slow to recognise his claims as a "brother-in-arms."

My correspondent should not wear uniform unless he is out for training and calls during the morning, when, in the ordinary way, he would be wearing uniform. If not out for training, or if he calls after 1 p.m., he should wear mufti.

He need not "dress" for the occasion. I don't mean that it would be polite to call on a regiment in the old clothes usually reserved for gardening, but he need not, and, in fact, should not, wear a frock or morning-coat and topper, unless such is his habitual attire. He cannot go wrong in wearing a lounge suit and a bowler.

Calling hours on a mess are roughly between 11 a.m. and 6 p.m. The caller should ring the mess bell, and tell the

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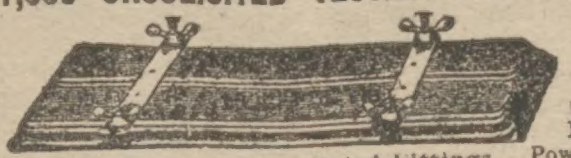

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mess sergeant or waiter answering it that he has come to call. He will then be shown into the ante-room. If it is empty, the mess sergeant will offer refreshment; if an officer is present, he will act as host.

In either case, two cards must be left—one addressed (in top, left-hand corner) to the colonel of the regiment by name, e.g., Lieut-Col. W. J. Dash, or to "The Commanding Officer, The Blank Regiment," the other similarly addressed to "Col. Dash (or the C.O.) and Officers, the Blank Regiment."

These cards should be left on the ante-room table or writing-desk.

If the visitor has a friend among the officers, he may leave a separate card for him, inscribed as before with his rank and name—"Mr. So-and-So." if below the rank of captain—but only the one card for the C.O. and the other for the mess, as a whole, are essential.

The visitor should not stay less than ten minutes nor more than twenty minutes, unless he find old friends or acquaintances among the officers.

A USEFUL TIP.

By the way, if you are a Territorial officer, and are invited to dine with a mess as a *regimental* guest, you must wear uniform, unless you happen to be travelling and have not your uniform with you.

On the other hand, if invited to dinner as the guest not of the mess, but of an individual officer, you should wear evening dress (not a dinner-jacket), unless, again, you are out for training, in which case uniform is correct.

After dining at a mess, you must call within a few days, leaving cards as before, and if you have been a private guest you must still leave cards on the colonel and officers in addition to one for your host.

NAVAL MESSES.

The same rules apply to calling on a naval mess, except that for colonel you substitute the captain of the ship, while your second card is addressed to the "Ward Room Officers," or "The Officers of the Ward Room, H.M.S. So-and-So."

Remember that on stepping aboard or leaving a battleship you must salute the quarter-deck. If you don't know where it is, turn towards the bridge and you won't be far wrong.

A civilian should not salute, but take his hat off.

It is also advisable when visiting a battleship to take a chilled-steel head with you, for the naval officer's idea of a cocktail is half a bottle of brandy, ditto gin, ditto whisky, double ditto rum, a bottle of curacoa, two drops of water, mixed and served in a bucket.

BROWN BOWLERS.

Brown suitings are in favour, and it is possible that we may see a revival of the brown bowler, which was popular some twenty years ago. Although brown bowlers were absolutely barred in my regiment when I joined it, it is a hat for which I have always had a certain affection. But unquestionably it is a luxury, for it does not really go well except with a brown or fawn suit.

It is quite "impossible," for instance, with blue serge.

The black bowler, on the other hand, may be worn with any colour, and so I do not think that its popularity is likely to be seriously threatened.

TUNIC SHIRTS.

Soft-fronted, or, anyway, soft-fronted and soft-cuffed, shirts will, I think, soon be a thing of the past, except in their proper place—that is, when playing games or taking exercise.

They were never suitable for town wear, for they made your wrists look "unfinished," and were quite out of place in a lady's drawing-room or even at a restaurant table.

The coloured shirt with stiff cuffs, however, is always a good investment, for it may be worn with either a morning coat or a lounge suit.

We men have our sales on just now as well as the women, and I have been laying in a stock of stiff-cuffed coloured shirts, chiefly in blue and whites, for blue stands the machinations of the chemical laundry fiend better than any other colour.

By the way, don't listen to the persuasive shopman who tells you that soft cuffs can be converted into stiff ones if so desired. I have been "had" that way once, but never again.

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